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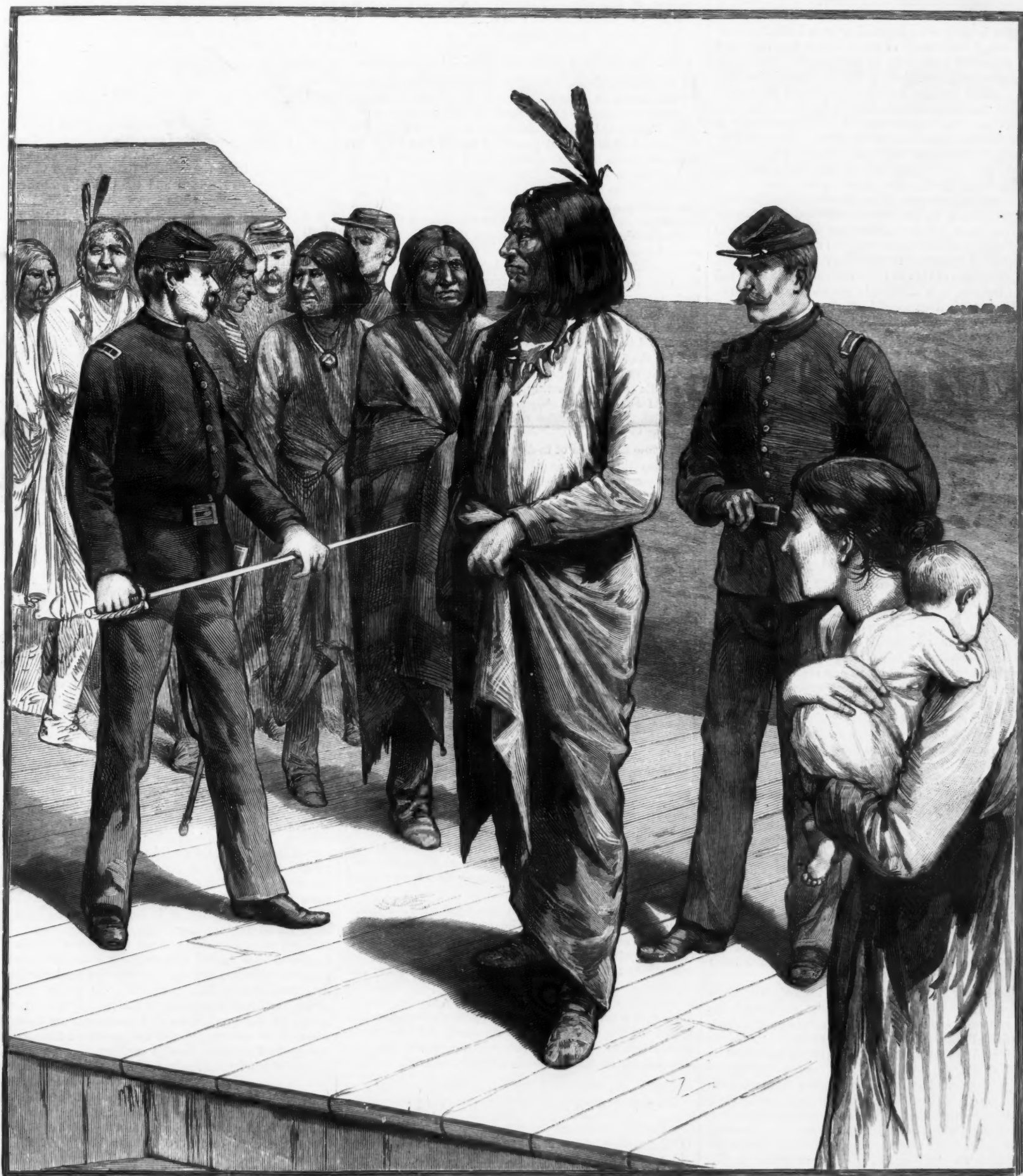
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TEXAS.—THE APACHE CHIEFS GERONIMO AND NATCHEZ, WITH THIRTY-TWO BUCKS AND SQUAWS, BROUGHT INTO SAN ANTONIO ON THE 10TH INST.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. DAVID HART.—SEE PAGE 90.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

LIGHT BREAKING IN THE EAST.

THE silver problem is becoming a source of new complications, and it is getting to be difficult to understand the conflicting views, taken in different quarters, as to the effects of the fall in silver which began thirteen years ago. Here in the United States numerous writers and speakers have been representing that the fall in silver has operated as a great gain to India, and is one of the chief causes of the rapid rise in the export of Indian wheat to England which has threatened to cripple the competition of our Western States in English markets. Now, however, it is announced that Navroji, the ablest living Parsee financier of India, is in England seeking to induce the English Government to co-operate with other Powers for the remonetization of silver, and to restore it to its former price, in order to avert the serious catastrophe that is said to be impending over India in consequence of that very drain of wheat which was supposed to be a source of prosperity to that empire. Partly at his urgent recommendation, a Silver Commission has been appointed by the British Government to further investigate the effects of the decline in silver, and it is intimated that the complexion of this Commission is favorable to the remonetization of silver. The two Parliamentary Commissions which have thus far sat on the silver problem have agreed in the conclusion that the fall in the value of silver has been a chief cause of the decline in values of commodities of every kind relatively to gold, which has so disastrously affected industry for twelve years past. Yet, inasmuch as the entire volume of coined money of both metals is held at par in all countries, just as if the silver bullion had not fallen in value, and as the volume of it is as large as ever and it is just as available for use, it is difficult to see why the decline in value of uncoined silver should affect prices in any way. Prices of commodities must still be fixed by the aggregate volume of coined gold, coined silver and credit money circulating at par, and can scarcely be expected to fall merely because uncoined gold rises in market value relatively to uncoined silver. It would be a new monetary doctrine to hold that prices of commodities generally are fixed by the relative value of uncoined gold to uncoined silver. And yet this is the effect of holding, as the two Parliamentary Commissions have held, that the decline in prices of commodities is due to the fall of silver.

It is certainly essential to the intelligent discussion of the Silver Question in the United States that we shall get away from the habit of discussing it as an American question, brought about in some way by the passage of the Bland-Allison Act, when, in fact, that Act was merely the effect of a world's silver crisis, which had occurred seven years before the United States resumed specie payments.

American investigators ought not to occupy the empirical attitude of representing on the one hand that the silver crisis is a shrewd English speculation, invented by the British Secretary for India, who, by the substitution of state drafts for silver, is able at one stroke to depress the actual value of the chief American export, wheat, and of one of our leading metallic products, and to exalt the exports and prosperity of India; while, on the other hand, they would have us believe that the entire Silver Question is manipulated only in the interest of the Colorado and Nevada mine-owners, and is one in which no one else has any serious concern. That it is a question on which very high authorities are capable of straying very wide of the mark is shown by the total failure of Germany to effect, by twelve years of attempted demonetization of silver, any serious diminution in the degree in which silver leads gold in her actual circulation and in the reserves of her banks. The policy has only resulted in fastening upon Germany the reputation of having attempted to row towards gold on a current that drifted her more and more towards silver.

The whole question is in a very confused and muddled condition, and men who have been trumpeted as the very highest authorities have made the most absurd diagnoses and false predictions.

Cernuschi, for instance, was active in predicting, from 1878 onward, that if the United States continued the limited coinage of silver, it would lose its supply of gold. The United States as a nation has never increased its stock of gold so rapidly, or over so long a period, or to so large an amount, as while it has been pursuing the limited coinage of silver, and during some of these years far more of silver than of gold has gone abroad. So it has been predicted that, if the low price of silver continued, Indian wheat would soon supersede American wheat in the English market. Now comes the statement that India is on the verge of a crisis, in which Indian wheat must be kept at home or the population of India will starve. It is stated that the value of the total product of the Punjab, one of the most fertile provinces in India, is only \$10 of our money per head per annum, and that while the price of food in India is about the same as in the Southern States, the common wage of labor there is

less than one-eighth of what is paid to the negro laborer at the South, and the depreciation in silver is only making it less. "Two hundred and twenty-four million people in India," says Hyndman, "are living on the produce of 148,000,000 acres of land." Yet Hyndman, singularly enough, advocates in England that very nationalization of the land which prevails in India as a panacea for the poverty which exists in Great Britain.

If the nationalization of the land could make a people happy, India, having never had any other system, ought to lead all other countries in comfort. Instead, it leads all others in misery. If the communal system of owning land would make the wage of labor higher than individual ownership, then in Russia, where communal ownership prevails, labor should be better paid than in the United States. In fact, the wage of labor is in some cases five times higher in the United States than in Russia. The country where there is most individualism and most capitalism pays the highest wage to labor of any in the world, and elevates labor into the position of having the fewest grievances and the most demands. It is a great pity that the theorists cannot get within sight of the facts on both the silver problem and the labor problem, as they ought, if rightly understood, to throw a good deal of light on each other.

THE DEARTH OF ECONOMIC STATESMEN.

IT has been truly said by Macaulay that in every great emergency in a nation's history men rise up or are created with powers of mind equal to the demands of the hour. This has been especially true in our own history. The period of settlement produced its William Penn, its Roger Williams and its second Lord Baltimore, those highest types of men of the ante-Revolutionary period who taught the first colonists how to build States on the foundations of peace with the Indians and with all mankind. When liberty was to be proclaimed throughout the land, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, James Otis, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson arose to become the chief promoters of American independence. When soldiers were needed to make independence an established fact, Generals Washington, Green, Lafayette, Wayne, Gates and Knox were equal to the crisis in the nation's fate. And when statesmen were still more imperatively demanded to set the machinery of government in motion and lay the foundations, broad and deep, of an enduring republic, the Hamiltons, Jays, Pinckneys, Madisons and Marshalls were not wanting in this formative period of a then feeble State.

Without following the parallel through the second founding of the republic, our theme leads us to observe that, while the needs of to-day are for statesmen who can deal with the economic and labor questions which are now uppermost, there is an unaccountable lack of men of the stamp which the emergency requires. The absence of great leaders in this field of thought is manifest when we reflect that, with the single exception of Senator Sherman, there is no man now in public life who has at all distinguished himself in the discussion or solution of the great problems of finance, taxation, or any of the kindred problems belonging to the economic sciences. The science of Political Economy, which includes the labor and the wage questions, and all that class of questions, no less than the tariff, seems to be a lost science so far as our National Congress is concerned. To these gentlemen who are called to legislate upon all economic questions, the names of Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Ricardo, and Bastiat, are unfamiliar names. The great thinkers who have made these subjects the study of a lifetime are not consulted by the Morrisons, the Riddlebergers and the Blands, who are political economists by inspiration. What a pity that these born statesmen do not see the poverty of their own equipment for the public service, and avail themselves of the instruction of others! If Hamilton and Webster are too lofty models for the illiterate law-makers of to-day to study or imitate, let them try to follow in the footsteps of James A. Garfield, a man of their own time, who for seventeen years, with unequalled learning and masterly ability, grappled with all the great financial taxation and banking problems of the Civil War, and, in the light of to-day, discussed them all wisely. The statesman who comprehends the science of legislation is not likely to go wrong. Garfield understood the whole science of government, and was rarely familiar with our whole political history and experience. While perhaps we cannot expect legislators so learned as Garfield or as John Quincy Adams, we may hope that some leader will soon appear with wisdom sufficient or the solution of the economic and labor problems which are pressing upon us from day to day, but which from month to month remain unsolved.

A SIGNIFICANT YEAR IN COLLEGE
EDUCATION.

THE present is a significant year in the history of college education. It marks the two hundred and fiftieth year since the establishment of the first college in America. Harvard was the first of the two colleges founded in the seventeenth century in this country, William and Mary, of Virginia, having been established in 1693. Twenty-two colleges were founded in the eighteenth century, among them Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia

(King's) and Williams. The remainder of our several hundred institutions bearing the name of college date from the present century, and the larger number from the last forty years. Compared to Oxford and Cambridge, the American institutions are modern foundations. Yet age is no essential condition to the successful working of an institution of learning. The University of Berlin, the largest, and in certain respects the best, of all the German universities, was established by the King of Prussia in the present century. But Harvard and the older of our American institutions have behind them sufficient age to give them dignity, and in their organizations sufficient of youth to make them vigorous for the training of the young men and women of a new world.

The present year is also significant in the fact that it is the first in which a student could enter the regular course of a reputable college, as a candidate for the ordinary degrees, without a knowledge of the Greek language. Harvard makes this innovation. Much might be said for the change, as well as against it. But the special point to which we now would direct attention is, that the meaning of the term "liberal education" is thus completely changed. The "liberally educated" man, as we have commonly understood the words, represents one who has a knowledge of Latin and of Greek sufficient to read the writers in those languages with some degree of facility. This interpretation was usual. This interpretation no longer holds. We are obliged to alter our definition of a "liberal education." We do not now express either joy or regret over the change, but desire to call attention to the fact.

Scarcely less significant is a change which takes place in the religious conduct of our oldest college. Compulsory attendance upon prayers in the college chapel each day has been from the earliest time the rule in the ordinary college in England and the United States. This element of compulsion has now been eliminated. Harvard College proposes to put a minister into the pulpit of its chapel who shall conduct daily devotions; and it invites students to attend and participate in this daily service, but it no longer obliges them. What the effect of this increased liberty will be, no one presumes to prophesy. It is to be feared, however, it may tend to remove a religious tone and character from a college which, in the opinion of most persons, has none to lose. The clergymen, however, who have special charge of the religious interests of the college making this innovation can cause it to be a success, if success be possible: among them are Phillips Brooks and Edward Everett Hale.

THE REVIVAL OF TRADE.

THAT the business interests of this country have awakened from their long sleep is a fact beyond question. The iron traffic is unusually brisk; the trade in coal is so large, that prices have been advanced; the transactions in drygoods are larger than for many months; collections are prompt and business men are hopeful. Less apprehension of an extreme stringency in the rates for money is now entertained, although perhaps an unusually large amount will be required to move the crops. The wheat yield of this country promises to be 440,000,000 bushels, and the corn crop, 1,600,000,000 bushels; the latter showing a decrease, compared with last year, of 400,000,000 bushels.

The value of our exports of breadstuffs in August was nearly double that in the same month last year; the cotton exports were slightly larger than last year, and the shipments of petroleum were valued at \$800,000 less than in August of last year, but for the eight months ended August 31st the decrease was only \$520,000. The most favorable feature of our export trade is the marked increase in the shipments of wheat.

The total net earnings of the leading railroads of the country from January 1st to September 1st show an increase, compared with the same time last year, of \$13,995,345, and of this gain \$3,749,245 was made in August. Many of the railroad companies are complaining of a lack of cars to draw the freight. There is a notable increase in the construction of railroads in this country. Sixty thousand tons of steel rails, it is stated, have been bought in England for use in the United States, and an inquiry, it is further averred, has been made for 50,000 tons more. It is to be regretted that our railroad companies feel obliged to buy the rails in England, and it is hoped that the new railroads which are being constructed are opening up new fields for human enterprise, rather than paralleling old roads, and thus giving further countenance to the pooling system, which is one of the great evils of the commercial times, and which is, of course, a direct outgrowth of the over-construction of railways in this country.

One of the most hopeful features of the business situation is the comparative absence of speculation. Stocks have advanced in price, but this is because of the increasing earnings of railroads, and because there is no determined effort to depress the market by any large speculation. Since the death of Charles F. Woerishoffer, the "bear" party has been practically without a leader. Certainly no one of equal ability and daring has yet sought to reduce the price of our railway securities; the manipulation of the money market, noticeable at times, with the view of affecting stocks, has lasted but a short time, and ultimately really helped the stock market. Mr. Philip D. Armour, of Chicago, is engaged in a large

speculation in pork, and some foreign houses here have undertaken to materially advance the price of coffee; but, as a rule, there is little or no speculation, and business interests are all the stronger without it.

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

A RECENT comparative analysis of the death-rates of the United States, France, England and Ireland shows the unpleasant fact that the probabilities of life are smallest in this country. The average duration of life in the United States is less than 20 years. The death-rate is naturally largest among young children, about 40 per cent. dying before the age of 5. In England the death-rate under 5 is a trifle higher than with us, but the mortality between 5 and 20, and 20 and 50, is much less. In France 48 people out of 100 live to be 50, against 22 with us; and 25 per cent. reach the age of 70, against 10 per cent. with us. The mortality under 5 years of age is there only 26 per cent., while our own rate is 40 per cent.; and the mortality in Ireland is about the same as in France. The Irish mortality under 20 is only 35 per cent., as compared with 50 per cent. here.

It is hard to reconcile these facts with the other fact that American workingmen, the masses of the people, are better paid, better fed and better clothed than workingmen abroad. There being no reason to dispute this, we must look for an explanation to the general character of American life. The greater part of our country possesses a dry and stimulating climate, and its results are to be noted in the increased effect of alcoholic beverages, in nervousness, haste and the general breathlessness characteristic of our business, and one may also say of our social life. Haste makes waste of brain and nerve tissue. Haste forces children forward educationally and socially, until the "precocious" child has become a feature of our life. Little ones are forced to undertake heavy tasks at school before their strength is equal to it, and they are allowed to share in social excitement which would tax the endurance of their elders. This seems the reasonable cause for the death of nearly twice as many Americans as English between the ages of 10 and 20. Very few of our people live to be over 50; and here again we find that good food and clothing are powerless to offset the wear and tear of our intensely active life.

The point to be made is, that in gaining some material advantages over the people of other countries, we sacrifice about 25 per cent. of our possible existence. The saw, "A short life and a merry one," would be curiously illustrated by these statistics, if the life were really a merry one. But the breathless American life, with its tense, nervous strain, is scarcely to be called an enjoyable one, and the effect of this life upon the next generation can only be viewed with apprehension. The American is improving. He is learning to take recreation, and to spare time for something in the way of a vacation; but there is room for improvement still, and need of watchfulness against over-stimulating climatic influences. Children should be kept children as long as possible, and hothouse methods done away with. Vacations for all ages should be longer. For example, in many parts of the country the schools begin about September 1st, thus bringing families back to the cities to encounter often the hottest, most exhausting weather of the season. The American needs to take life easily, and to get more pleasure out of existence. At present our death-rate is an unflattering commentary upon American life.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

MR. PARNELL'S Land Bill is, of course, an entering wedge in the direction of a policy of total confiscation of the supposed property of Irish landlords, and the answer to this frank definition of it is that what confiscation took away confiscation should restore. If there were a constitution in England prohibiting the enactment of laws "impairing the obligation of contracts," Mr. Parnell would have to pursue some different tactics. At present, in the settlement of the Irish Question, Parliament is chiefly occupied in passing laws of a kind which in this country are forbidden. It does not follow, however, that in Ireland, Wales, Scotland and England they may not be eminently useful.

The United States steered clear of a great many causes of revolution when it struck the hardpan of "equal rights" in its first attempts at constitution-making. England invites perpetual revolution by continuing her fundamental basis of aristocratic classes and unequal rights. This is especially true in her system of land-ownership, which is the very thing now being insidiously undermined by the Parnell Bill. The rights of the land-owner and land-worker have never been equal anywhere in the United Kingdom. If a land-worker does not pay his rent a writ of eviction issues to take the land away from him. But for no debt, execution, tax or crime can the land be taken away from the landlord. No tax, even though called a tax on land, purports to sell the title of the landlord anywhere in Great Britain. A landlord may, like the Duke of Buccleuch, bet, gamble or dissipate his income until judgments against him are as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa's vales, but he has only to wait, and his creditors must wait, until the regular return of his rent-days, to enable him to clear off all his debts. No execution and no distress for taxes will sell the title to a foot of his soil. His land is as exempt from all coercive laws as his person has always been from all military draft laws. Involuntarily, in thus exempting the land from all duties which the law could enforce, they have made the land part of the state, and therein have subjected the landlord to the necessity of yielding all rights which it would be inconvenient to the state to have him seek to enforce. Whether the landlord shall accept a slow rent, a low rent, or no rent at all, is a question for the state to decide, and it is gradually advancing from the first, through the second, to the third of these positions. America has reached great inviolability of contracts through perfect equality of rights. England makes a chief business of annulling contracts because she cannot afford to decree

equal rights. Irishmen are the most prompt to sustain rights of property in America, and the most persevering to obliterate them in Ireland. In Ireland he not only will not pay a "rack" rent if he can get a judicial rent, but he will not pay a judicial rent any longer than until he can get an explanatory rent; meaning, thereby, a rent which will consist in explaining the reasons why he will pay no rent whatever.

The Parnell Bill comes very near changing a judicial rent into an "explanatory" rent. Yet here in the United States every Irishman who is not himself a landlord collecting "rack" rent must be a tenant paying "rack" rent without a word of hesitation or a gleam of the sense of any injustice in it. For "rack" rent is simply the highest rent that can be got for land when it is subjected to free competition on the part of all who wish to hire it. Every rent in America, whether on house, farm, mine or sewing-machine, is a "rack" rent. Yet no outcry is heard, simply because the tenant has the same redress at law against the landlord as the landlord has against the tenant. If the landlord wrongfully ejects the tenant, inflicting damages upon him, the writ which will issue to collect these damages will, if necessary, sell the landlord's land. It will not do so in Great Britain. In America, the state, city and all direct taxes rest primarily and chiefly on the land, and are made to rest on the land by the law that, if they remain unpaid, the land itself shall be sold to pay for them. In Great Britain the taxes rest only on the occupant of the land, being limited to him by the law that, if not paid, the writ of distress for their collection will issue only against the chattels of the occupant.

The Irish agitators have not yet struck the line of agitation which will prove most effective to bring the Tories on their knees, and ultimately to disperse the great estates. This would be, to copy the two American laws, one of which makes the land the primary object of taxation, and the other of which provides for selling the land both for the taxes, if unpaid, and for all private debts. This would, indeed, begin the work of Americanizing Great Britain at the point where it is most needed, viz., at the point where, heretofore, Equality has been sacrificed to maintain "Quality."

OUR HOMES.

THERE is one thing which wealth cannot purchase, and which can only be acquired by education and surroundings: an appreciative artistic taste, which is nothing else than a love for the perfect and the beautiful, whether produced by nature or by man. Nowhere can this love for the artistic show itself to better advantage than in the interior of our homes, in which forms and colors can be made so well to harmonize as to produce what may be termed comfort to the eye as distinguished from the bare bodily comfort. Cost and elaborateness of decorations and furniture do not constitute beauty. Gold, silver and silk, although they may be undoubted proofs of wealth, are not sufficient to secure the desired effect, in which the artistic result has to be obtained by a wise combination of details, and not by a senseless agglomeration of costly things. Much progress has been made of late in this country in the matter of rendering our homes beautiful. The formerly prevailing idea that cost was the only consideration, regardless of beauty, is losing ground yearly, and the more sensible fashion of measuring the value of an interior, not from the number of dollars spent on the same, but from the effect which results by the combination of all the distinct and separate parts, is gaining ground. We have, however, not yet reached perfection, being in fact very far yet, as a nation, from the point where wealth and artistic taste harmonize. Although in many households great care is bestowed in the arrangement, in many more the desire for display and elaborateness has full sway, and a luxurious, showy, but nevertheless common, interior is the rule, possessing all the comforts which may satisfy the body, but none of those which satisfy the eye. The general taste is not yet educated up to it, and it will take some time before the average American home becomes really tasteful and lovely.

The true correction for this aesthetically unsatisfactory condition is towards simplicity and a better understanding of the rules of the beautiful. In this respect we might gain a great deal by imitating European nations, and taking from each of them what good it has to offer. The tasteful elegance of the French interior, the artistic simplicity of the Italian, and the real comfort of the English, can be imitated without being copied. A thorough study of the harmony of colors would not fail to bring good fruits. When the over-supply of gold and showy colors is discarded, and the costly but clumsy pieces of furniture which are too often met with are superseded by others of better design, the desired end will have been obtained; and on retiring to his home after the day's toil, the average American will have reason to feel proud of its artistic loveliness, as he is now proud of the comforts he enjoys.

NEARLY a score of persons were slaughtered on the "Nickel Plate" Railroad, in the collision at Silver Creek last week. If the law occupied itself as much with the manner in which railroads are run as with the schemes for their construction, there would be more arrests in connection with this tragedy than we have as yet heard of.

THERE is no more encouraging feature of the Indian question than the fact that the Indian is beginning to realize the importance of individual ownership of the soil. According to Commissioner Upshaw, many tribes are now as clamorous for allotments and patents as they were formerly tenacious of holding all lands in common. This is a sign of emergence from the savage state into an appreciation of the superiority of civilization. Individual property rights are essential to the improvement of the Indian's condition and to his protection against fraud and aggression. It is gratifying, therefore, to find Commissioner Upshaw impressing upon agents that the business of allotting and patenting lands to Indians should be pressed with the utmost vigor.

THE Republicans of Maine have good reason to rejoice over the substantial victory achieved in the election of last week. In spite of the desperate efforts of the Prohibitionists and the vigorous canvass of the Democracy, the Republicans carry the State by their old-time majority, elect four Representatives in Congress, and secure an overwhelming majority in the Legislature, thus insuring the re-election of Mr. Hale to the United States Senate, and perpetuating the party dominance in the Legislature of the State. The failure of the Prohibition campaign is especially notable. That party confidently predicted that it would increase its poll to some 8,000 or 10,000, whereas in fact it polled in all less than 4,000 votes, and utterly failed to accomplish any of the subordinate successes at which it aimed. The Prohibition campaign was dishonest and mendacious throughout, and there can be no doubt that the general result will be unfavorable to the best interests of the temperance cause. An incident of the election which will afford very general satisfaction is the return to the House of Re-

presentatives of Thomas B. Reed, who justly ranks as one of the foremost and most useful members of that body, and whose defeat would have been in some sense a public misfortune.

THE Greek play, "The Acharnians," which was successfully performed in Philadelphia by the students of the University of Pennsylvania, last season, is to be presented in New York by the same company. It ought to be welcomed by the frequenters of the metropolitan theatres, and might even go "on the road" with profit. Those of the audience who understand Philadelphia Greek will be delightfully entertained by Aristophanes' rich burlesque; while those who do not, but who have lately endured the infliction of innumerable farce-comedies, so called, of the "Tin Soldier" and "Skating Rink" type, will probably consider it a positive relief not to understand the words that are spoken on the stage.

THE sea-serpent has made an unusually strong bid for recognition during the season just ended. His appearance at a Prohibition town up the Connecticut River, in the heart of the Land of Steady Habits, was a fine stroke of strategy, and won from the Boston *Congregationalist* a characteristic tribute to the effect that, "Although New England has not to lament the seismic disturbances of the Carolinas along her coastal plains, she is favored with the presence of saurian and enaliosaurian visitors in her inland waters." The much-maligned monster then came to New York, and secured the "indorsement" of Lieutenant C. A. Foster, of the United States man-of-war *Minnesota*. And yet men of science refuse to see the serpent, much less go him one better.

It is to be hoped that there is no foundation for the report that the notorious Eugene Higgins is to be made Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury in the place of James J. Brooks. The removal of Mr. Brooks, who has proved himself an exceptionally competent and upright official, would, under any circumstances, be a clear violation of the principles of Civil Service Reform; but to put in his place a man like Higgins, who represents the spoils element in our politics, and has nothing to recommend him but his services as an unprincipled partisan, would be an insult to the whole country. The Administration can stand a good many things, but this is something it cannot stand, because it would be in direct antagonism with decency, consistency, and the best interests of the public service.

THE inquiry which just now suggests itself is, not as to who reads our American books, but as to who doesn't. In England reprints of American books are more numerous than ever, new editions of Prescott, Longfellow, Lowell and Douglass being the more numerous. Mr. Smalley writes the *Tribune* that "the American authors continue among the most popular publications. A complete edition of Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poems, revised by the author, is preparing; and Lowell, Stockton, Aldrich, Holmes, Curtis and Winter are now to be found on every bookseller's counter in England. The American Statesmen series is regularly reissued here; Jefferson and Samuel Adams are already published, and Hamilton is promised shortly; so that Englishmen at last seem likely to learn something of American History."

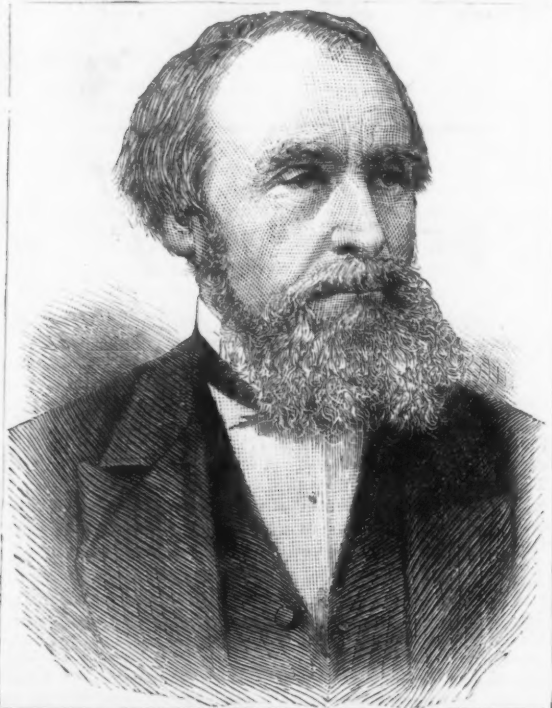
THE Taylor brothers, Alfred and Robert, both gubernatorial candidates in Tennessee, are harmonious rivals. Besides being fine debaters and eloquent "stumpers," they are accomplished musicians, and their violin-playing is an important and unique feature of their canvass. When their rural hearers are obdurate to cold-fact arguments, the "Arkansaw Traveler," "Rosin de Bow," and other local melodies, played by the fiddling candidates as solos or duets, arouse the wildest enthusiasm. There is, probably, a deeper meaning and purpose in this musical campaign; for who does not recall the familiar lines of Shakespeare:

"The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted."

An attempt is to be made to have an official and approximately exact count of the Indians, although Congress at its last session failed to make the necessary appropriation for the purpose. For many reasons such a census is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary in order to secure fair dealing on the part of the Government in the matter of rations and supplies. In some of the tribes, it is claimed, the Indians, after drawing what they are entitled to at one agency, hasten off to other agencies and draw again and again. While it is not conceivable that the sum total of such frauds is at all comparable to the stealings of dishonest agents and contractors—from the Government on the one hand and from the Indians on the other—such practices should be put an end to. While we may tamely submit, year after year, to the plunderings committed by the Government's representatives, it is too much to ask that we should endure the lesser dishonesty of the wards of the nation in their attempts to copy the immoralities of the white men. To insure an honest count of the Indians on the great Sioux reservation, Commissioner Atkins has ordered that they shall be invited to a grand feast to be given at the different and widely separated agencies on the same day. While they are busy with the feast, the enumeration will be made. This appears to be a shrewd scheme for the detection and overthrow of the wicked Indian ration repeaters.

ONE of the curious features of the Prohibitionist campaign is the fact that the party in Massachusetts at least seems likely to split on the question of Woman Suffrage. Heretofore this has been indorsed by the Prohibitionists, but this year a strong opposition has been developed on the ground that there is nothing in common between Prohibition and Female Suffrage; that the past attitude of the party has deprived it of many votes; that the liquor problem is of sufficient magnitude without taking up other issues; and that the Woman Suffragists have been inappreciative enough to neglect to indorse the Prohibitory principles in their conventions. A compromise has been attempted recommending the reference of Woman Suffrage to the people, in the shape of a constitutional amendment for or against it. The general feeling of the Bay State Prohibitionists favors a separation from the other issue. This would seem the wiser course, for one strong, clear-cut issue commands itself more forcibly to the people than a mingling of two or three. On the other hand, the votes of women could be confidently relied upon for a majority against the rum power, and the two questions are not disconnected. We may not believe that the Prohibitionists have chosen the best plan of reaching their end, but it may be affirmed that the influence of woman has and always will count for much in the suppression of the sale of intoxicating beverages. It may be better for the party, as we have said, to confine itself to one issue, but all friends of temperance recognize, whether formally or not, the powerful aid lent this work by women.

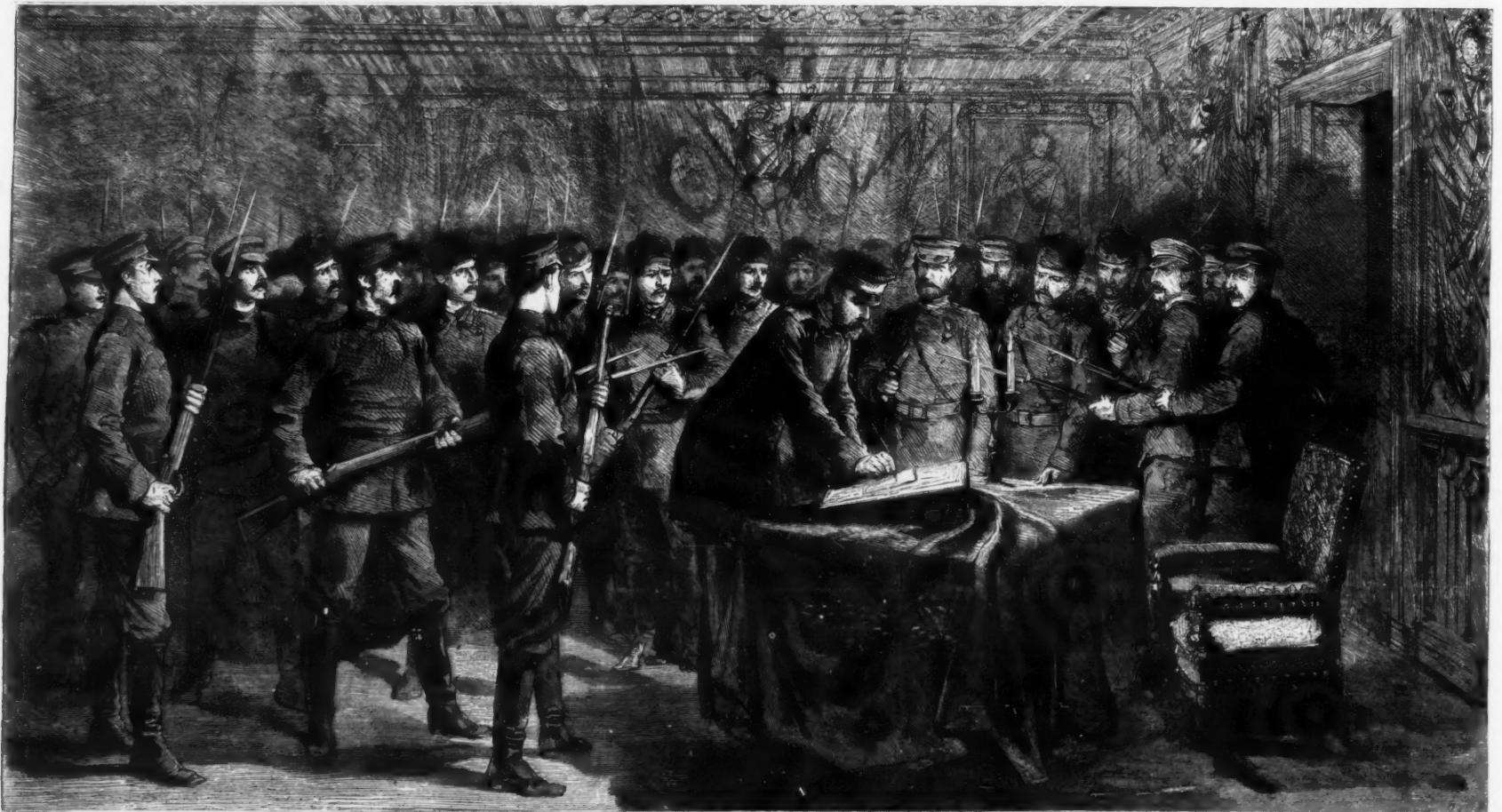
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 86.



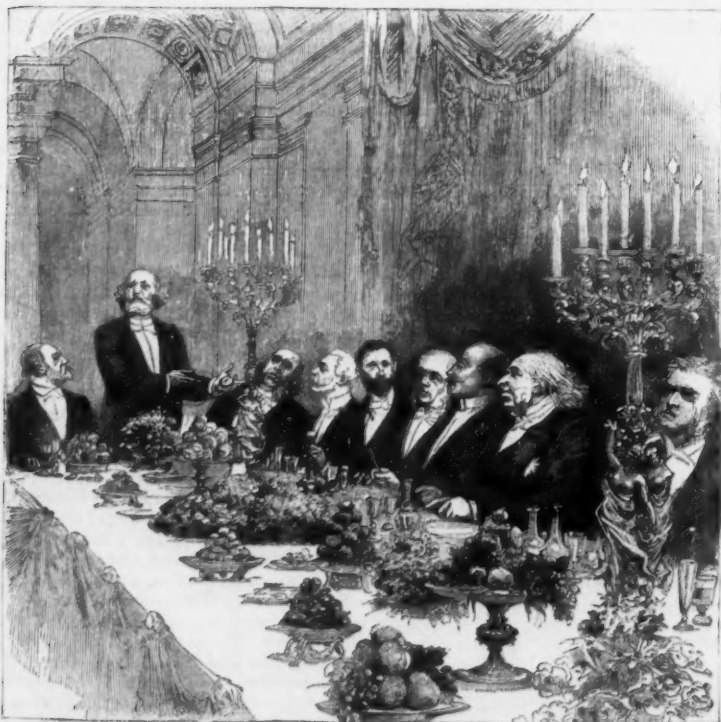
ENGLAND.—SIR J. W. DAWSON, OF MONTREAL, PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION CONGRESS AT BIRMINGHAM.



CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE DROUGHT.



BULGARIA.—PRINCE ALEXANDER SIGNING HIS ABDICATION IN THE PALACE AT SOFIA.



FRANCE.—BANQUET AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, IN HONOR OF M. CHEVREUL'S 100TH BIRTHDAY.



BULGARIA.—SCENE AT THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE, SOFIA, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COUP D'ÉTAT.



NEW YORK.—MARSHALL P. WILDER, HUMORIST.
PHOTO. BY FALK.

MARSHALL P. WILDER,
HUMORIST AND MIMIC.

WHO is our most original American humorist since Artemus Ward? New York and London, replying individually or collectively to this query, would probably say without hesitation—Marshall P. Wilder. We specify New York and London because Mr. Wilder's public and social career thus far has been confined chiefly to these two capital cities, in each of which he has now his regular season; but wherever he has appeared, the same whirlwind of merriment, delight and applause has followed. Indeed, nothing short of sudden paralysis could prevent the success of one of his entertainments. That marvelously mobile face, with its fine eyes and forehead, and white teeth which seem to have an expression of their own, would alone interpret the funny stories, though the spectator were deaf and dumb. A blind man, listening to those irresistible stories, jokes and vocal imitations, would see the fun in his mind's eye, and laugh himself into convulsions. Dignity finds the ground suddenly swept from under its feet, and melancholy is startled out of its self-possession ere the little jester has fairly opened his mouth. In short, Wilder is a born humorist. His quaint, diminutive figure and indescribable face mark him for drollery; his keen perception and native wit confirm his calling. Instead of laboriously manufacturing "humor" and solemnly committing it to paper, he is the joke personified. Therein consists his genius. In feudal times he would have been the king's jester. Living—fortunately for us careworn mortals—in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, he is the unspoiled pet of society, and the funniest little man of his time.

Marshall P. Wilder was born at Geneva, N. Y., on the 19th of September, 1859. His father is a successful physician, and a gentleman of distinguished appearance. Young Wilder was a boy of small stature, somewhat deformed, but bright and talented, as well as exquisitely sensitive. He had



CONNECTICUT.—HON. PHINEAS C. LOUNSBURY, REPUBLICAN
CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY FREDERICKS.—SEE PAGE 87.



CONNECTICUT.—DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL ARCH, AT HARTFORD, ON FRIDAY, THE 17TH INST.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 87.

then the same expressive face that the world knows now, with those eyes that can brighten to such a peculiar tint, like sherry wine, or sunshine itself. At Rochester, where he spent the greater part of his boyhood, he was the admiration of the boys of School No. 5. He ran a little printing-office in odd hours, and his elocutionary and mimetic talents were much in demand for exhibitions and entertainments. Coming to New York about four years ago, he at once made his way in social and professional circles. In a wonderfully short time he became the favorite entertainer in drawing-rooms where the culture, beauty, wealth and fashion of the metropolis assemble. He became equally popular at the clubs, while for two or three years past his name has figured on the programme of almost every "benefit" performance organized by the theatrical profession. General Grant, ex-President Arthur, Senator Evarts, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Talmage and Dr. Colver, were among the first of a host of distinguished people to be captivated by the genial little boss; and to this list must now be added, since his success abroad, the names of scores of foreign celebrities, headed by royalty itself, in the person of the Prince of Wales, who placed him at his right hand at dinner, and whom he has entertained half-a-dozen times.

Custom cannot stale the infinite variety of "Little Wilder." His repertory is inexhaustible, and he is constantly adding to it by studies from life. To his keen lookout for fun we owe the inimitable story of the Irishman who, after riding in a car from the Battery nearly to Harlem, looked upon his fellow-passengers in a sympathizing way, and exclaimed: "Have none of yez any homes at all, at all?" Another story, which he tells with a face outliving a caricaturist's dream, is about a man who receives a letter from home, which he believes to contain a request from his wife for money, but which turns out to be intelligence of his mother-in-law's death. The facial expression of the muttering wrath which gradually gives place to smiling satisfaction and finally to hilarious joy, would demoralize an undertaker—we beg pardon, a director of funerals.

One of the triumphs of Wilder's visit to London, during the past Summer, was at the Savage Club dinner. Observing that his name appeared on the plan of the tables in the reversed form of Wilder, M.P., he immediately proceeded to impersonate one of his fellow Members of Parliament—the well-known Joseph Biggar. The imitation "went" with irresistible force, as did another of a Tower of London "beef-eater." Wilder's quips and cranks became the talk of London, and during his season there he gave no less than seventy entertainments, his hearers including the Prince and Princess of Wales, dukes, lords, duchesses, countesses, and other titled personages without number. Among his souvenirs is a handsome cane, a gift from the Khedive of Egypt.

One day, at the Ascot races, the Prince of Wales was observed to laugh very heartily at something. "Your Royal Highness has won on Phil?" asked a well-known baronet. "No, indeed," replied the heir-apparent, "I had no money on him; I was laughing at the recollection of an anecdote told by that marvelously funny little Wilder on Sunday." Whether or not he had just seen through the joke, like Artemus Ward's English auditor, is not stated.

It is our turn now to laugh, for Marshall Wilder's American season is from October 1st to April 15th, during which time he will be seen and heard in most of our large cities.

CALIFORNIA.

THE golden fleece is at her feet,
Her hills are girt in shen of gold;
Her golden flower-fields are sweet
With honey-bives. A thousandfold
More fair her fruits in laden stem
Than Jordan's, tow'rd Jerusalem.

Beneath her ancient cloud-clad trees
The ages pass in silence by.
Gold apples of Hesperides
Hang at her God-laden gates for aye.
Her golden shores have golden keys
Where strike and sing the Balboa seas.

San Francisco, Sept., 1886. JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE KENTS: Their Follies and Their Fortunes.

By HENRY T. STANTON,

Author of "Jacob Brown," "The Moneyless Man,"
"Self-sacrifice," "Fallen," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"MY lad, can you tell me how far it is to the next ford?"—"Yes, sir; it is just beyond the dead white-oak you see in the bend yonder—the road turns down to it."

"Thank you. I am glad to find it so near," and the traveler, who had checked his horse to make the inquiry, caught up his rein and started onward.

"But, sir!" called the boy, "you cannot ride over the ford on account of the high water. A man was drowned there two nights ago, and the tide is greater now than it was then."

This induced the rider to stop and turn towards his young informant with an appearance of bewilderment. Meanwhile, the lad, a bright, open-faced fellow, walked slowly in his direction.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "it would be dangerous to try the ford, and your only chance to cross this evening will be to ride to the ferry, which is nine miles further up."

"But I wish to cross here and go down to Mr. Kent's, which, I have been told, is five miles below this ford."

"Then you will have to wait until the flood runs out, for there is no open road from the ferry to Kent's, and the country is hilly and rough. You would have to ride more than twenty miles after you crossed the river, and then it is doubtful whether you could find the way."

"That is bad," said the gentleman, reflectively. "How long do you think it will be before the tide recedes?"

"Not long, sir, because it began falling at noon to-day, and it usually goes down faster than it rises. If there has been no rain above since Saturday, you may be able to cross to-morrow morning."

"Well, I shall have to wait. Can I find lodging on this side?"

"Oh, there will be no difficulty about that. Mr. Mason lives only a quarter of a mile above the ford, on the creek that empties into the river just at the ford, and he will be glad to take you in. He likes company, and travelers often stop with him in preference to staying at the tavern on the other side. You cannot miss the way, for just after you have crossed the bridge and turned up the road you will see his house."

"Thank you, my young friend; I am your debtor, and should I ever have an opportunity, will serve you if I can. What is your name?"

"You owe me nothing, sir. My name is Gilbert Adams."

It would be difficult to describe just what effect the simple utterance of this name had upon the person who asked for it. There was a sudden perceptible movement of his whole muscular system; his hand tightened upon the rein; he leaned forward, and for several seconds looked steadily and searchingly into the boy's face, and then, with a hastily uttered "Good-evening, I shall not forget it," touched his horse with the spur, and moved briskly forward.

The flow of the stream at this point was towards the east, and as he rode up it, the rays of the declining sun came directly to his face. It was a mild September evening, the air just cool enough from late rains to brace and invigorate, the foliage still full upon the hillsides, but wearing already a tinge of the Autumn, and the grass still green enough to show in strong contrast with the yellow bed of the swollen river. The scene was such as would have absorbed an ordinary traveler in contemplation of its beauty, and only one with a mind preoccupied would have failed to enjoy it. To a lover of nature—and all men are more or less so—there is no season so attractive as that which just precedes the dying of the leaves, if he breathes its atmosphere and views its glory in the last moments of sunlight upon the banks of a picturesque river.

During the journey of ten minutes from where he left Gilbert Adams to the stile-block in front of the farmhouse, William Kent—for we may as well call him now as at another time—was entirely unmindful of his surroundings, and appeared to ride mechanically to his resting-place. It was plain the mention of the boy's name had produced a sharp concussion upon his mental faculties, and he moved forward in an absorbed, if not a distressed, mood, until his horse stopped at Mason's, and he became conscious of the locality and his purpose in being there.

Mr. Mason was a well-bred, old style Virginia farmer in moderate circumstances, who, as the boy said, was fond of company and willing enough to entertain a traveler. Like most of his class, he was proud and hospitable, and, but for the circumstance of his proximity to a much-traveled road, would never have yielded to the practice of taking pay for the shelter and subsistence of "man and beast" for one night only; but he had to be just to himself in spite of his generous spirit, and, finally, came down to an acceptance of the usual sum for such entertainment, though for several years after he began "making a charge" he was careful to explain to every visitor the reason that impelled him to such a distasteful thing. He was seated in the long porch, or gallery, common to Virginia farmhouses, and saw the approach of his guest.

"Here, Sam, you black rascal! run and take the gentleman's horse. Get down, sir, and come in!"

A young negro, who had been engaged with an ax at an adjacent wood-pile, ran forward and reached the stile in time to take the rein as William Kent left the saddle.

Dismounted, he presented the appearance of a man rather over the medium height, straight, symmetrical, and of easy movement. His features were strikingly good; his brow high and broad, his nose nearly straight, his mouth large, and his eye a clear gray, full and steadfast. His mustache and side whiskers were dark-brown, and nearly the color of his hair, which was worn of sufficient length to show that it waved upon his brow and back from his temples. His age was not more than forty, and it might have been less, but occasional touches of gray in his hair and beard left that matter in doubt. He entered the porch easily, taking the extended hand of his host and responding to his welcome with a relation of the circumstance that occasioned his visit.

"Yes, the Holston is an uncertain stream, and I have many visitors on its account; these mountain streams rise rapidly, but it will not detain you long. The creek has fallen a good deal to-day, and it always goes down with the river."

Two hours later, after supper had been served, and the family (composed of Mr. Mason, two grown daughters, and a half-grown son) was assembled in the general reception-room; when the farmer had lighted his pipe, and the guest was accorded the armchair fronting the open fire, the conversation was opened by the voluble host.

"Night before last there was a man drowned at the ford. He came from below. My neighbor, Anderson, saw him and thought certainly he would lodge at my house or go on to the ferry. He was riding a gray mare, and some time during the night she came to my place. The negroes found her at the bars of my stable-lot about daylight. Her right fore-leg was injured, and the saddle thoroughly wet. She is a well-bred animal, and must have belonged to a good judge of horse-flesh. There is no mark upon the saddle to indicate where it came from, and I suppose we can only wait until the missing man is inquired for. His body is no doubt somewhere among the rocks of the Holston. The ford is a rough one, unless you understand it, and a stranger has a narrow chance if he tries it in a high tide and is not an expert swimmer. It's a pity Anderson was not near

enough to talk with him and discover his purpose—he might have saved a valuable life."

"I suppose," said William Kent, "there will be little difficulty in finding the body when the tide subsides. Some person may then identify it."

"I don't know about that; the river will be pretty full all Winter, and the swift current may bear the body a long distance. The country is sparsely settled below, and unless a close search is made the body may not be found until the Spring, and then it will be hard to identify."

"It's a sad thing," said Mr. Mason, "for any human being to disappear in that way. I would rather be an eye-witness to the death of one of my family than pass the remainder of my days in conjecturing what had become of him."

"If the body is not found," observed the guest, "the mare will probably be identified, and his friends thus obtain knowledge of his fate."

The subject was altogether a gloomy one, and William Kent sought to change it by making inquiry concerning his cousin on the other side of the river. He said it had "been several years since he had seen George Kent, and he knew little of his family, although they were full cousins, and had once been closely allied."

In reply Mr. Mason said: "George Kent is the only man living within ten miles of my place with whom I have no acquaintance. I am seldom from home, and have seen him but once in five years. I never spoke to him in my life. He has a large and valuable place, and it is well conducted; but he is absent much of the time, and when at home manifests no desire to see company. I never force myself upon a man of that kind."

The visitor smiled an approval of that spirit, and asked to be shown to his chamber.

CHAPTER II.

IT was not until four o'clock the following day that the tide had gone out sufficiently to warrant William Kent in undertaking a passage of the ford, and a resumption of his journey to his kinsman's house. It was the opinion of his host he might effect a crossing at that hour, if he pursued a course which he would indicate.

"From where the road reaches the river, you must ride diagonally up-stream to a large rock which lies at the edge of the water on the north bank. Be sure not to let the current carry your horse below that point; but ride directly to the rock, and you will come out all right."

William Kent said he would observe the instructions, and then, while adjusting his saddle-girth, remarked, as though without premeditation: "I met a youth named Adams yesterday, who gave me information as to where you lived, and told me of the danger in crossing the ford, otherwise, I might have undertaken it."

"Oh, yes, I know the youngster—a bright fellow for his age. He will make a worthy man if he lives. His mother came here two years ago, and has been teaching school at Millville. She is a handsome young woman, refined and of strong character. The boy is not more than twelve."

"And where is Millville?"

"It is a small settlement two miles above, on this creek. It is called Millville because there are a flour-mill and two saw-mills in the vicinity. The surrounding country is fairly good, and more thickly inhabited than you would expect for this broken region."

"Well, I may see it some time; saying which, he bade his host good-by, and waving his hand to the ladies in the porch, rode down to the ford.

What were his thoughts after this last conversation we may more readily conjecture when we have learned something of his life and character. At present we can only follow him to the Kent place.

He was a good horseman, and the animal that bore him was stout and trustworthy. He entered the stream with confidence, and crossed it with little difficulty, his steady hand controlling the brave animal and keeping its breast well to the current until the guiding rock was safely reached. On the north side his course was turned eastwardly, the road following the line of the river and close upon its bank.

He had ridden not more than a half-mile down the stream when his eye fell upon a pair of old-fashioned saddle-pockets that were lying upon a small heap of drift at the water's edge. They were apparently filled, and as he dismounted to recover them from the tide, naturally enough he thought of the gray mare at Mason's, and the probably drowned man, and he felt sure that here would be found some clue to his identity. The compact roll of his own clothing strapped at the croup of his saddle rendered it inconvenient for him to take them with him, so without hesitation he bore them to a fallen tree and proceeded to an investigation of their contents. They contained the ordinary outfit of a traveler in the matter of clothing, a pair of silver-mounted and curiously wrought pistols, a bundle of papers tightly bound in oiled silk, a long leather pocket-book, and a small and much-worn volume of poems. Everything except the papers was completely saturated. The papers were probably dry, but he did not open them. He took up the book, and, turning the soaked cover, saw written upon the fly-leaf, in delicate, but distinct characters, "G. A., London, January 1st, 18—"; and lower down upon the leaf, in the same writing, the words, "From Laura." The book fell from his hand as if it had stung him, and for several moments he appeared stricken as by some great pain. He gazed upon it, where it lay in the grass, as if he could not realize the development it made. Then recovering from the influence of the discovery, he hastily examined the clothing, and upon several articles found the initials "G. A." This apparently relieved his mind of all doubt, and carefully replacing the articles, except the volume of poems which he conveyed to a pocket of his light overcoat, he threw the saddle-bags across the neck of his horse, and remounting, moved on.

He rode slowly, but in less than an hour arrived in view of the Kent place, a large brick building upon elevated ground, and surrounded by old trees. Less than a mile to the north of it rose the bold mountain range, while to the northeast and southwest stretched the fertile farmlands. It was a noble location, isolated, it is true, for the main road ran upon the south side of the Holston, and for more than ten miles below Mason's there was no available ford; but nevertheless it was a place to be admired, and a home to be coveted. Above Mason's, on the north side, as we have learned, the lands were hilly and rough. There was no appearance of loneliness about the place, for scattered here and there upon the tilled land and in the pastures were small improvements. The negro cabins, from which the smoke rose cheerfully, were not located in a single line, as upon more southern plantations, but were placed without regard to particular order at points best adapted for comfort. They were generally of neat and home-like appearance, and some were whitened and some overgrown with vines. There was an overseer's house, much larger than the cabins, and neatly inclosed. Several barns appeared at proper points for the shelter of stock and the storage of grain.

William Kent took in the surroundings mechanically as he slowly neared the home of his cousin. His mind was in no condition to scrutinize it closely, and there was a shadow upon his face that threatened to sadden the moment of their reunion. He passed the outer gate through a natural avenue of trees until within a few rods of the inclosure beyond which stood the house, when his progress was suddenly checked by the appearance of a lady and little girl immediately in front of his horse. They came rapidly from a by-path through the undergrowth, for the manifest purpose of surprising him. The faces of both were animated, and their hands thrown up as if to prevent his going further. It was only for an instant, however, that this dramatic scene lasted. The lady's countenance changed suddenly, and she betrayed quite as great astonishment as the man before her. Then with confusion, but with dignity, she said:

"Pardon us, sir; we thought you were Mr. Kent."

He looked into her face with interest, and with what seemed to her, as she flushed and moved to the side of the road, rather an unnecessary minuteness. Satisfied at last with his scrutiny, he replied, quietly:

"You were not mistaken, for I am Mr. Kent."

"No, no!" exclaimed the little girl; "you are not papa; but you are like him."

At this declaration there was further astonishment in the face of the lady; and it was a fair face to look upon—indeed, it was beautiful. Her whole appearance was picturesque. Her hair, of which there was a great mass gathered loosely in coil and partly flowing to one shoulder, was much like the color of ripened wheat. Her eyes were large, with long, dark lashes, and of that peculiar dark-blue which belongs only to the type ordinarily styled the perfect blonde. It was growing late in the afternoon, but her clear-cut features and her almost white complexion were distinctly visible, notwithstanding the shadows of the surrounding foliage. Her figure was erect, lithe, and of such grace as would attract an artist. She was evidently the mother of the little girl, and the wife of George Kent.

Involuntarily after the exclamation of the child, the three moved in the direction of the gate, and for several moments nothing more was said. The lady waited apparently for the visitor to explain, but as he did not, she finally said, looking up to his face, as they reached the wicket:

"You are William Kent, my husband's cousin, and only male relative, for you are much like him."

He smiled kindly while leaving the saddle, and with a pleasant "Yes, I am he," extended a hand to each, and together they entered the house.

Here we must leave them a little time until we have looked backward and ascertained something of the Kent family.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SIR J. W. DAWSON, F.R.S., K.C.M.G.

Sir John William Dawson, F.R.S., K.C.M.G., Professor of Natural History and Principal of the McGill College and University of Montreal, Canada, presided over the Congress of the British Association held at Birmingham, England, during the early part of this month. The eminent scientist was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1820, and was educated partly at the College of Pictou, partly at the University of Edinburgh. Returning to Nova Scotia, he devoted himself to geological researches, and in 1842 accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in a tour of that province. In 1846 he attended a course of studies in chemistry and physics at the Edinburgh University. He married, in the following year, Miss Margaret Mercer, an Edinburgh lady. After his return to the colony, he resumed his original line of investigations, and rendered useful service in exploring the strata of coal and iron in Nova Scotia. In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education, and had much to do with the establishment and direction of schools. He wrote, about that time, a volume of essays on agricultural education, which was of much practical utility. In 1855 the Governor-general of Canada, Sir Edmund Head, appointed him to the Professorship and headship of the University of Montreal, which he still retains. His explorations and scientific works as a geologist, and his literary productions, have been abundant in the last thirty years. Besides special treatises on the geology of British America, and on the fossil plants of the Silurian and Devonian periods there, he wrote, in 1871 and 1872, an interesting series of popular essays, republished in a volume called "The Story of the Earth and Man," which gives a picturesque view of the whole known course of geological changes, and presents the best accepted theories of the beginnings of life and its successive forms, the effects of the glacial period.

and the formation of mountains and seas. Another volume, entitled "The Dawn of Life," affords a popular view of the facts relating to the Eozoön and the most ancient fossils. Dr. Dawson, in 1882, was awarded the Lyell Medal of the Geological Society of London, and he is an honorary member of several universities and learned societies. He was selected, in 1882, by the Marquis of Lorne, to organize the Royal Society of Canada, and to be its first President; in the same year he was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Mr. Dawson took a prominent part in the Congress of the British Association held at Montreal in 1884, on which occasion the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him by the Marquis of Lansdowne, the present Governor-general.

DROUGHT IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

The Australian scene depicted by the artist is from a sketch made in Western Queensland before the recent breaking up of the drought, which has caused so much loss in the pastoral districts of New South Wales, Queensland and South Australia. Stock was kept alive in some places by cutting down ti-tree, currajong, eucalypt and small eucalypts; but the foliage of these native trees afforded little nutriment, where the grass had disappeared and the surface of the ground had become baked. Sheep and cattle were too weak to travel to water, or to live long after finding it, and they dropped down by the almost dried-up waterholes. To clear the ground, horses had to be employed in hauling aside the skeletons of dead bullocks. These horses were often as poor in condition as the famished cattle, but the artist has taken the liberty of introducing a full-fledged, fine-looking Clydesdale, as a sign of the coming season of plenty; for in Australia years of drought have invariably been followed by years of plenty.

THE BULGARIAN COUP D'ÉTAT.

The Russian coup d'état at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, on the 21st ult., is illustrated by two striking pictures—one showing Prince Alexander, at the bayonet's point, signing his abdication; the other, the scene at the Russian Consulate, where Monseigneur Clement, Metropolitan of Tirnova and head of the provisional government of the conspirators, assured the Bulgarians of the protection of the Czar. The most trustworthy account of what happened at the palace on the night of the abduction of the Prince is that given by the Berlin *Tagblatt*: "About two o'clock in the morning the palace guard rushed into the Prince's sleeping-apartment, thrust a revolver into his hand, and whispered to him, 'Save yourself.' The Prince rose, and hastened down the staircase leading to the conservatory, but he was met and stopped by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. His Highness, therefore, hurried back to his bed-chamber, in which he found a large number of officers, who advanced towards him with cocked and outstretched revolvers. One of them tore a page out of an entry-book and traced upon it some rapid, illegible words, while the others forced the poor Prince to a table, exclaiming, 'Sign!' From all sides thus sorely pressed, and threatened by more than twenty revolvers pointed at his head, the Prince wrote under the unintelligible scribble, 'Alexander. God protect Bulgaria.' After thus signing what was evidently meant to be his abdication, Prince Alexander was dragged off to the War Ministry, to which his brother, Prince Francis Joseph, had meanwhile also been brought. After remaining here for about two hours, the two brothers were taken away in separate carriages, each sitting between two of the conspirator officers, who kept their revolvers constantly pointed at the heads of their prisoners. Beside each coachman sat a pupil of the military school. They were driven to the Danube, placed on board a yacht, and taken down the river to Reni Russi, in Bessarabia—Russian territory. There, on Tuesday morning (August 24th), Prince Alexander was handed over to the Russian authorities, who conducted him to the frontier, and then set him free." His return to Bulgaria, formal abdication and farewell to his army and people, and the appointment of the Regency Council, were described last week. The present situation in Bulgaria is a problematical one. The diffidence of the Bulgarian Government and people towards Russia is growing because Russia is already endeavoring to attenuate, if not to deny, the promises made by her to the Prince in person regarding the unification of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia on the one hand and the independence of Bulgaria on the other. The Russian representative at Sofia declares that the appointment of the Regency was in no wise lawful, inasmuch as the Prince had no authority to establish the same. A reconciliation could only be effected if the right of appointing all Bulgarian officers be vested in the Czar. This latter proposal has created an exceedingly unfavorable impression, and is calculated to intensify the already existing spirit of opposition. Meanwhile, the Powers, replying to the Porte's protest against any foreign occupation of Bulgaria, declare that there will be no foreign intervention in Bulgaria, and Russia is reported to have given guarantees to that effect.

M. CHEVREUL'S CENTENARY FÊTE.

The festivities at Paris on the 31st ultimo, in honor of the centenary of the great chemist, M. Chevreul, included a special performance at the Opéra, and a brilliant banquet at the Hôtel de Ville. At the latter place, in the presence of the grand assemblage of statesmen, soldiers, scientists and artists who sat with the distinguished centenarian around the festive board, M. Janssen, of the Institute, arose at the stroke of 8 p. m., and announced: "One hundred years ago, to the minute, M. Chevreul made his entrance into life." This was the climax, and a storm of enthusiastic cheers greeted the illustrious old man, as he sat, smiling, serene and hearty, watching the dawn of his second century.

HON. PHINEAS C. LOUNSBURY,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

IN nominating Hon. Phineas C. Lounsbury as their candidate for Governor, the Republicans of Connecticut have made a selection in every way worthy of the party and of the State. Few men in Connecticut enjoy in a larger degree the confidence and respect of voters of all classes than Mr. Lounsbury. Born on a farm in Fairfield County, forty-six years ago, he made his own way in life, having for twenty years been engaged, in connection with his brother, in the manufacture of boots and shoes. He served as a volunteer in the Union Army during the War of the Rebellion, and at one time was brought to death's door from disease contracted in the service. About a year since he accepted the presidency of the Merchants'

Exchange National Bank, of New York city, temporarily, until a successor could be chosen. While he had not been conspicuously active in politics, he has always been an earnest Republican, and has honored all calls upon him for such aid as he could render. Two years ago he was a prominent candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, but when it went elsewhere he "turned in" heartily for his successful competitor, and by his manly course greatly increased his popularity with the rank and file of his party. With a business reputation absolutely irreproachable, a friend of the working classes, and in sympathy with every effort to promote the public morals, it is believed that he will receive the support of many outside of the party whose standard he carries.

THE SOLDIERS' ARCH AT HARTFORD.

FULLY ten thousand veterans participated in the dedication of the Soldiers' Memorial Arch at Hartford, Conn., on Friday of last week. The affair recalled the famous "Battle-flag Day" a few years ago, when the veterans gathered to transfer their war-worn banners to the marble halls of the new Capitol.

The city has been slow, perhaps, in paying this tribute to its veterans, but the delay has resulted in the erection of a memorial decidedly in advance of the stereotyped monuments with which the country is dotted. On the main thoroughfare to the Capitol, and at one end of a handsome bridge spanning Park River, this stately arch is erected. It is of Portland brown-stone, and its pointed towers rise 100 feet in the air. Encircling them, and forming also a broad band across the arch, forty-three feet high, which connects them, is a terra-cotta frieze, whose 160 feet is covered with military scenes, with life-size figures. The towers are surrounded by large figures emblematic of welcome to the veterans. Mr. George Keller, who designed the Garfield Memorial at Cleveland, is the architect, and the memorial cost Hartford \$60,000, and a further sum of \$40,000 for the approaches, remodeling the bridge, etc. The literary exercises included an oration by General Hawley. The great feature of the day was the parade of the local military organizations, Grand Army Posts from all parts of the State, Sons of Veterans, and several out-of-town organizations, including the United Train of Artillery of Providence, and the Tibbitts Corps of Troy, who were the guests of the Governor's Foot Guard.

POPE LEO'S DAILY OCCUPATIONS.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia *Times* says: "Pope Leo's daily routine of life is exceedingly simple. He gets up at six in the morning, and, after his private devotions, says Mass personally in the little chapel next to the throne-room. This is followed by another Mass, celebrated by one of his chaplains, for which he always remains. On Sundays he says Mass in one of the larger chapels of the Vatican, to which thirty persons or so are admitted and to whom he gives the Holy Communion. After the second Mass, at about nine o'clock, the Pope takes a light breakfast, which he dispatches very rapidly, and then begins his day's work by receiving the Cardinal Secretary of State, the Cardinal Prefects of the Congregations, the Secretary for Latin Correspondence and the Secretary for Briefs to Princes. After these official audiences, persons who have secured private audiences are received, and in this way the day is filled up until half-past two, when he dines. His table is a very plain one, and in accordance with etiquette he eats entirely alone. Although his brother, Cardinal Pecci, is frequently present during this meal, he never shares the repast of His Holiness. The only exception known to have been made to this rule by a recent Pope was when Pius IX. seated himself at table with the bishops of the Church, who had assembled in Rome from all parts of the world for the purpose of holding the celebrated Council of the Vatican. After dinner Leo XIII. rests for a quarter of an hour, reads his breviary, and then goes to his desk, where he writes until five o'clock. At that hour he receives such bishops as desire private interviews, and also the Secretaries of Congregations, who report as to what is being done in their several departments. These audiences at an end, the Pope resumes his writing or the reading of dispatches, until ten or half-past ten o'clock, at which hour he takes supper. At eleven o'clock, at the earliest, he retires to his bedroom.

"In this way Leo XIII. manages to get through a prodigious amount of work. Every affair of any real importance is examined by him personally, especially those connected with the intercourse and relations of the Holy See with the various governments of the world. He prepares the drafts of nearly all the dispatches to Nuncios and of a great many letters, and those prepared by the Secretary of State and the heads of the congregations are usually examined and often modified by him before they are sent out. He is subject to attacks of insomnia, and in such cases not infrequently gets up and goes to his writing-table, where he sometimes passes the rest of the night at work over a pile of letters or dispatches, sometimes falling asleep over them. The only exercise he takes is to walk rapidly up and down one of the halls of his palace for a quarter of an hour a day, and when the weather is fine he takes a carriage-ride in the gardens of the Vatican. On such occasions he is carried in a sedan-chair through the Loggia di Raphael and down the grand stairs, at the foot of which the carriage is waiting. In these rides he is accompanied by one of his chamberlains and attended by a few of the Noble Guard, who, mounted on horseback, follow the carriage at a distance. While riding he reads his breviary or examines dispatches. If he gets out of the carriage it is only for a short time in order to indulge in an amusement of which he is very fond, that of snaring birds with a net—a sedentary sort of sport, full of learned complications and said to call for no little skill, which has many fervent votaries in Italy. He does not give much of his time to this amusement, and when he returns to the palace is carried up to his apartment in the same way that he left it. This use of a sedan-chair is not caused by any physical inability to go up and down stairs; it is a part of the etiquette and ceremony connected with his position to which the Pope is expected to submit.

THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE.

THE Naval War College at Newport, R. I., which was founded by Rear-admiral Stephen B. Luce, United States Navy, the present commander of the North Atlantic Squadron, and is superintended by Captain Mahon, was opened last week for a course of lectures on the art of military warfare, and for an advanced course of professional study

for naval officers. The staff of the college and the subjects upon which they will give instruction are as follows: Captain Mahon, United States Navy, President—Naval History and Naval Tactics; Lieutenant Tasker H. Bliss, First United States Artillery—The Science and Art of War; Professor James R. Soley, United States Navy—International Law; Medical Director Dean, United States Navy—Naval Hygiene; Lieutenant Meigs—Advanced Course in Gunnery; Lieutenant Cornwall—Adjustment of Compasses of Iron Ships; Commander C. F. Goodrich, Commandant of Torpedo Station—Maritime Defenses; Lieutenant C. C. Rogers—Naval Staff Duties; Naval Constructor Gatewood—The Preservation of Iron Ships. The following is a list of the civilian lecturers and their subjects: John C. Ropes, of Boston—"The Battle of Gettysburg"; General Palfrey, of Boston—"Yorktown Campaign"; General John M. Corse—"Altoona Campaign." The college class proper consists of seventeen officers just from the torpedo class, and several other officers have signified their intention of being present.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POWDERED camphor added to oil or turpentine varnish will allow it to spread more easily.

EXPERIMENTS to determine the depth to which light penetrates the water of the sea have been made during the present year by MM. Fol and Sarasin in the Gulf of Nice. The limit of the daylight about midday during fine weather was found to be 1,300 feet.

THE "pinhole camera" is a novelty in photography. It is a little tin box, two inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch deep. Simple as the construction is, with paper instead of glass for the negative, and a pinhole in the cover for the light to enter, some interesting work may be done with the instrument.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society, London, Professor Bell, at the request of the President, gave an account of what he regarded as the most extraordinary biological fact brought to light during the last twenty-five years—the existence of a third eye at the top of the heads of certain lizards.

A COMPANY is being formed in Mexico to work up the cactus plant. The oil is to be used for lubricating purposes, the fibre for cordage, the leaf for paper and the fruit for eating. The fruit is so juicy that it often takes the place of water for both man and beast; and some years ago, when the drought came over San Luis Potosi, thousands of cattle were saved by eating the fruit.

DR. DAWSON, in the Rocky Mountains, has discovered a remarkable jurassic-cretaceous flora. It is found in sandstone, shales and conglomerates, with seams of coal. The beds lie in troughs of the paleozoic formations, and extend for 100 miles north and south. The plants are conifers, cycads and ferns. Some are identical with species from the jurassic from Siberia and the lower cretaceous of Greenland.

SUGAR can be made from any description of vegetable fibre, such as sawdust, rags or tow. The process is to digest for several hours in sulphuric acid; then to dilute the mixture with water and to boil for some time, when the rags or what not will be found to have undergone a magical change, and to have been converted into sugar. A curious fact is that 100 parts of rags will yield 115 parts of sugar, the increase in weight being due to the elements of water absorbed during the change.

LETTERS or envelopes which it is desired to protect against unauthorized opening (by moistening the pasted portion) may be securely sealed by using a solution of oxide of copper in ammonia as paste. This liquid has the faculty of dissolving the cellulose. When applied to the paper it dissolves the cellulose on the surface, and on drying the two partially dissolved surfaces adhere indissolubly together. The same thing may be accomplished by using water glass (silicate of soda or potassa). In this case the chemical action is different, but when it is completed the pasted surfaces cohere as permanently as in the preceding case.

A MANCHESTER (Eng.) firm has just completed a new rope-making machine, which, whilst enabling any lengths of ropes to be manufactured, dispenses entirely with any necessity for a rope-walk. The complete machinery does not occupy a floor space of more than three yards square, and is very simple both in construction and working. The yarn is wound on a series of bobbins, and the whole process of manufacture is finished on the machine, the rope being transferred direct to a drum, on which it is wound in coils ready for delivery. The machine can be readily regulated to give any twist or hardness to the rope that may be required.

A FRENCH thermometer has been devised of such sensitiveness that it will even denote, by a deflection of the index needle of nearly two inches, the entrance of a person into the room where it is placed, and by putting the hand near the bulb the needle is deflected the whole extent of the graduated arc. The apparatus consists of a bent tube, carrying at one end a bulb which is coated externally with lampblack. The tube is filled to a certain extent with mercury, and is supported by arms pivoting on a steel knife-blade. Just above the pivot is fixed an index needle which moves across a graduated arc; and beneath the pivot hangs a rod, to which is attached by friction a small weight that serves to balance the needle so as to cause it to point to zero on the arc. When the temperature rises, be it ever so slightly, the heat being absorbed by the lampblack dilates the air in the bulb, and drives the mercury forward. The centre of gravity of the apparatus being displaced, the needle will immediately turn towards the right—and when, on the contrary, the temperature decreases, the needle will point towards the left.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 11th.—In Havana, Ramon Velez Herrera, the oldest and most popular of Cuban poets. September 12th.—In Boston, Mass., Professor Ephraim Whitman Gurney, of Harvard College, aged 57 years. September 14th.—In Chicago, Ill., Gurdon S. Hubbard, the oldest of the pioneers of that city, aged 86 years; in Pittsburg, Pa., James P. Barr, senior proprietor of the *Post* of that city, aged 64 years. September 16th.—In Newport, R. I., Joseph Foulk Stone, of New York, aged 46 years. September 17th.—In Orange, N. J., Asher B. Durand, N.A.D., the oldest of noted American painters, aged 90 years; in France, Louis Charles Elie Amanieu, the Duc Decazes, a well-known statesman, aged 67 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SECRETARY BAYARD will spend a part of October at Saratoga.

MINISTER COX is en route to New York on four months' leave of absence from his post at Constantinople.

MR. THOMAS E. BENEDICT, the new Public Printer, took charge of the office on Tuesday morning of last week.

EVERY day at one o'clock \$300,000,000 sit down to lunch in an upper room in the Western Union Building in New York.

It is said that Sir Charles Dilke has returned to London, and that he will conduct a newspaper there. He was formerly the principal proprietor of the *Athenæum*.

GENERAL CROOK, the Indian fighter, advances the philosophic proposition that "man is more or less savage, according to the certainty with which his food may be obtained."

MR. BEAVOR-WEBB, the designer and skipper of the *Galatea*, is said to have been offered the post of agent for the Leeds Forge Company in America, and will hereafter reside here.

CONGRATULATIONS to George Gould, Anthony Drexel, Jr., and James G. Blaine, Jr., who have just contributed, by personal example, to the practical solution of the question, "What shall we do with our girls?"

M. EMILE RENOUF, the French artist, who is shortly to visit New York, will paint portraits here. He is said to be as strong in that branch of his profession as in those pictures of his which figured in the Seney and Morgan collections.

MR. EDWARD BURGESS, the designer of the *Puritan* and the *Mayflower*, comes of a wealthy family, distinguished for its sporting proclivities. His father was a Boston merchant who brought his sons up to a life of leisure. Edward took to the water, and has been a yachtsman all his life, making a special study of models.

M. DE LESSETS is said to have tendered to Colonel A. L. Rives, of Virginia, a position worth \$25,000 a year on the Panama Canal. Colonel Rives is a graduate of the École des Ponts et Chaussées of Paris, was a colonel of engineers in the Confederate Army, and after the war constructed and directed numerous railway enterprises in the South.

BARON DE CHARENTE, the leading royalist General of France, and a friend of the late Pope Pius IX. and of Pope Leo XIII., spent last week in New York and Boston, starting on his return to Paris on Saturday. His visit to America was to take home his wife and son, who have been visiting in this country. The Baroness de Charente is a grandniece of President Polk.

THE public-spirited residents of that portion of Tarrytown made famous in the writings of Washington Irving as the "Sleepy Hollow" region have recently organized a committee for the purpose of raising money to complete the monument already projected and begun. On Broadway, not far from Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, in which is the Irving burying-ground, they propose to build a massive tower in connection with the new St. Mark's Episcopal Church.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and his party in the Adirondacks enjoyed a deer-hunt last week, and visited the Tupper Lake region. This week they return to Washington via Buffalo, where it is expected that the President will stop over for a brief visit. Meanwhile, the White House has been thoroughly renovated and repainted, so that "from the bare stone of the cellar to the gilt ball on the top of the flagstaff, it shines in the sunlight with its immaculate whiteness."

EDWIN BOOTH sent \$1,000 to a Charleston friend after the earthquake, and Henry Irving has contributed \$500 to the relief fund. Managers Wallack and McCaull, of New York, Sinn, of Brooklyn, and Ford, of Baltimore, are among those who have organized successful benefit performances, and a great number of the most prominent dramatic artists have freely given their services to aid the stricken city. "How He Saved St. Michael's" has appropriately figured among the recitations on a majority of the programmes.

THE Shah of Persia has become a prohibitionist of the most radical type. The women of Teheran having gone in a body to his palace and complained that the coffee-shops took away their husbands from their work and their home duties, the Shah promptly ordered that all the coffee-houses in the capital were to be closed. Closed they were, and nobody dared to grumble. The next day the royal edict went forth that all the provincial coffee-houses were to be closed, and Persian "rounders" are in despair.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, late of Bulgaria, is, according to the Chicago *News*, the owner of real estate in Chicago, Kansas City, Denver and Omaha, and a part owner of one of the largest sheep ranches in New Mexico. His American property is held in the name of Alexander Marie Wilhelm Ludwig Maraschko, and his interests in this country are looked after by Colonel J. S. Norton, the well-known attorney of Chicago. Colonel Norton says that he would not be surprised if Prince Alexander were to come to the United States to live.

EMMA THURSBY is reaping honors and profits abroad. She has lately been honored by a special invitation to make a tour in Bohemia, in company with the Prince and Princess of Schwarzenberg. On her return she sang in Vienna. Miss Thursty had a rich omelet at breakfast not long since. A concert had been given for her benefit, and the breakfast was given by the ladies who managed the concert. She was asked to serve an omelet, and on cutting it she came to a pile of twenty-dollar gold pieces. The dish contained two thousand three hundred dollars.

GEORGE GOULD, the eldest son of Jay Gould, was married on Tuesday evening of last week to Miss Edith Kingdon, recently of Daly's Theatre, and who went to Europe with the company on the successful professional tour just concluded. The ceremony was performed at Lyndhurst, the country home of the groom's father, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. The elder Gould was there, and every member of his family was with him. Miss Kingdon was attended by her mother, widow of the late Charles D. Kingdon, of Brooklyn. Miss Kingdon was one of the most beautiful young actresses of the day, and during the past two years had won popularity at Daly's in secondary rôles. *Margery Grym*, in "Love on Crutches," was the character in which she attained her most pronounced success.

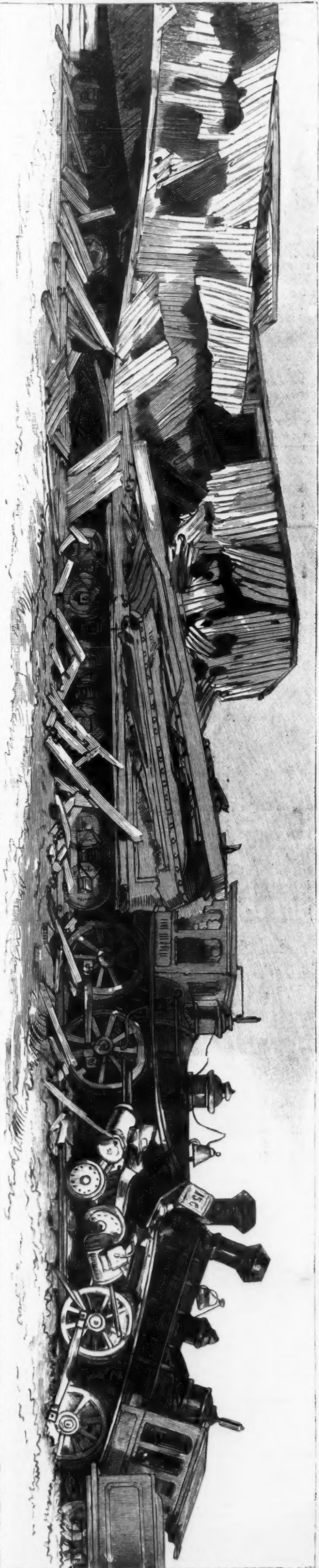


CALIFORNIA.--SCENES AT A WHALING STATION ON THE PACIFIC COAST, NEAR SAN DIEGO.
DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY. --SEE PAGE 90.

FIRING THE BOMB HARPUN

THE BLUBBER VATS

THE LOOKOUT
Signaling a Whale



1. EXTRICATING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED. 2. WRECK OF THE LOCOMOTIVES AND FREIGHT TRAIN.
NEW YORK—COLLISION OF AN EXCURSION TRAIN WITH A FREIGHT TRAIN ON THE NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS ("NICKEL PLATE") RAILROAD, NEAR SILVER CREEK,
ON TUESDAY, THE 14TH INST.—NINETEEN LIVES LOST.
FROM SKETCHES BY R. LE BARRÉ GOODWIN.—SEE PAGE 90.

"JACK AND JILL."

By ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

CHAPTER XII.

NEXT morning Dempsey is awakened from his morning nap at the unholy hour of nine o'clock, and his man, who, with some trepidation, has disturbed his slumbers, proceeds to propitiate his ill-humored master by delivering to him a note.

Dempsey scans it hastily—it is but a line.

"Come to me at once—lose not a moment," "H. M."

The writing is Lady Hilda's.

Firmly convinced that something has happened, Dempsey makes a hasty transit into his garments, and in less than an hour presents himself at the rendezvous.

Lady Montclair is propped up on a couch in her boudoir, in the sure grip of her familiar fiend—headache. As Dempsey is shown into her presence she makes a visible attempt to control some secret emotion; and owing to this praiseworthy effort, her manner somewhat disappoints her visitor, who has expected to see in her signs of some dire calamity.

"Where is Jack Dempsey?" is her abrupt inquiry, without even greeting her visitor.

"Down at Hammond's shooting-lodge, hunting," comes the prompt reply.

Lady Hilda deliberates a moment; subsequent disclosures reveal the naturalness of the pained hesitation that marks her demeanor.

"How long since he went?"

"The day before yesterday—he returns to-morrow."

Again a lengthy pause, during which returns to her face the harassed expression that she essayed to banish at Dempsey's entrance. At last she rouses herself.

"Hugh," she says, tremulously, "we have always been good friends—you and I. Indeed, I have been almost as fond of you as though you were my own. It could not be otherwise with me and your mother's son—for, Hugh, perhaps you know, having been with us so much, that Philip's nature leaves much to be desired. Life and I are on very good terms, and I have never said much about it, but Philip has never been what might be termed a devoted or a dutiful son. Will you be that to me now? Will you quietly wire down to Hammond-on-Sea and find out if Jack is there, and that, too, without his hearing of it? I can give you no explanation of my conduct at present; and if Jack has left, which, please God, he may have done," bursts out Lady Hilda, passionately, "I never can give you an explanation; but will you do this for me, Hugh?"

Dempsey makes no verbal reply, but he stoops and kisses his friend's shaking hand, and starts from the room.

"How long before you will be back?" she inquires, miserable forebodings flooding her heavy eyes.

"To get word there and back I should fancy would take at least an hour," Dempsey replies, and quickly vanishes.

To Lady Montclair that hour passes in miserable suspense; consumed with her secret apprehension, and physically tortured with indisposition, which the former but momentarily deepens, perhaps the wretchedest moments of her life are during this interval.

A little before the appointed time, Dempsey returns. Suspense has wrought sad havoc in her ladyship's fair face since he parted with her, and her breath is hurrying so rapidly that speech is difficult. Dempsey regards her with an uncertain anxiety.

"Jack is still with Hammond at the lodge," he says, simply.

Lady Montclair half drops from her chair under the shock of this intelligence.

"Something is wrong," she says, hoarsely, opening and shutting her hands nervously. "I have felt it from the first. Read the note that you will find on the cabinet there."

Dempsey obeys, but first glances at the signature. It is from Tempest. It runs:

"DEAR FRIEND: Perhaps Philip has told you all about it, although in his haste he may have come first to me. I have not asked him, and I am in such haste and trouble that I do not know where to begin. I hope and pray it is nothing dangerous, but they tell me that gunshot wounds are horribly so. It is papa, you know. He and Lord Hammond's party went down to St. Ives yesterday to do some shooting, and papa's gun exploded and the load was emptied in his side. Ah, dear Lady Hilda, I am nearly mad. I am off by the first train for Cornwall. Your distracted JILL."

Dempsey's countenance, that usually defied emotion, has paled to a marked degree.

"It is a lie from beginning to end. What do you fear?" he says, in a suppressed voice.

In utter abandonment her ladyship is wringing her hands, piercing her flesh with the many old stones that adorn them.

"I am afraid Philip has something to do with it!" she cries, hysterically. "For weeks he has been moody and strange when he was not with Tempest, and I believed at the time that it was her he was thinking of. But I encouraged his engagement to Countess Saxe in the hope of wrenching his mind from Tempest, for I knew that she would never alter in her sisterly feelings for him. And now—it is possible—I fear—that this"—glancing shudderingly towards the letter—"is some of Philip's desperate work. He left the house early this morning, without letting any of us know where he was going."

Lady Hilda now covers her face with her shaking hands, and does not see how heavily her companion is leaning against the wall.

"I see. He has decoyed her down there, probably to use violence!" he exclaims, passing his hand across his eyes.

Again Lady Montclair shudders, as the fear that has staid by her all the morning is thus bluntly put into words. Indifferent and cold as is Philip's nature, the mother-instinct in her yet strives to shield him.

"If—if he has done this dreadful thing, he—he is not himself. 'Hugh,' she says, in a terrified whisper, "a member of his father's family, years ago, died in a madhouse. Since this unfortunate infatuation of Philip's, I have thought at times that he was—not quite right—that possibly it had affected his brain."

"There seems to have been a method in his madness," mutters Hugh, rousing himself from some deep thought. Then he sets his eyes, with their sombre excitement, rest shrinkingly upon her ladyship. "You do not think—it is not possible—that she has abetted this deception, and gone with Philip voluntarily?" he interrogates, in so curious a voice, that only his companion's agitation prevents her from noticing it.

"How can you entertain such folly!" she exclaims, rocking miserably to and fro. "If she had fancied him, could not she have married him long ago? Would she have chosen such a course as this, that will cover her with slander, and, perhaps, even infamy? Do you think she sets no value upon her good name—her career that was opening so brightly before her? For, unless she marry him while they are absent, she in never lift up her head in London again. Al! all this my son's work! Oh, my God! Hugh, what shall we do? Think for me."

Dempsey's countenance is set in grim lines.

"Her reputation must be saved at any cost," he says. "You are not able to go down to Cornwall?"

"I would go if I could; but I could never hold out to get there," moans her ladyship; and her spent, ghastly face but too plainly corroborates her words.

"Then I must go alone. I can make St. Ives some time between this and night. If there is no other way, I will charter a train. I'll part with every pound I own but what I will be with them by nightfall!" His final words are ground out between his teeth.

"What can you do—how can you help matters? Ah! if only I were able!" half sobs Lady Hilda, in an agony of impatience.

A soft light comes in Dempsey's eyes.

"I believe it lies in me to save her good name. Dear Lady Hilda, compose yourself, and take my word for it—I can stop for no explanation now. If any scandal is abroad—if any word reaches you while I am gone, you are to put on a smiling face and say that it is all right, and that all will be explained, and you are even to convey the idea that there is a pleasant little joke back of it all."

"It is you who are mad!" gasps her poor ladyship.

"It is the only thing that can be done—follow my instructions to the letter," says Dempsey, with unconscious sternness. "You are a woman—you have a woman's wits—see to it that the world thinks there is some jolly secret between us all—your family and mine. It is the only way that she can be saved."

Lady Hilda has given up trying to comprehend—she turns her attention to a pertinent possibility.

"What if Philip has not taken her to Cornwall?" she hazards.

"I have thought of that, but the chances are that they are there. He has told her that her father is at St. Ives—she knows the road well—he would scarcely dare risk rousing her suspicion by following a strange route. Good-by. I am off. Do your part as well as I shall do mine"—again that enigmatical softening of his glance—"and all may be well."

He stoops, lightly touches his lips to the furrowed brow of this unblest mother, and strides out of the house.

CHAPTER XIII.

AGAIN the prey of the wildest forebodings on Jack's account, Tempest, who has been roused by Martin to receive Philip's intelligence, hurries into suitable attire, and with her brain a whirling chaos of apprehension, springs into the hansom that has been called to carry her to the depot. Montclair follows. To her inquiring glance he says:

"I shall run down with you; it is not right for you to travel alone—my mother wishes it."

She thanks him and relapses into silence. Why should it occur to her to doubt Philip? Though she were to develop into a very misanthrope, he would always escape the ban of her skepticism. As Dempsey has represented all that is unlovely and ignoble in manhood, so has Montclair been to her the embodiment of manly chivalry and perfection, even though these fancied attributes could awaken in her heart no answering flame of the passion that consumed his.

Upon Montclair's part, it is doubtful if unadulterated love is wholly responsible for the extreme measures to which he has resorted with regard to Tempest. Her persistent refusal to look upon him in any other light than that of a brother may have whetted the actual passion which he has conceived for her, and the determination and revenge of his nature have done the rest.

In getting Tempest away from London at so early an hour, his purpose was to prevent communication between the girl and his mother; and of the letter that had actually passed from Tempest's hand into Lady Montclair's he as yet has no inkling.

Away from London, his desire is to prolong the trip as much as possible, with the design of postponing till the latest moment the inevitable hour when he must stand stripped of disguise and confessed in his lie. With this view he manages that they shall miss the connecting train at the first junction after leaving the city; and by a similar device at a more advanced stage of the journey, he is enabled, in all, to squander several hours.

The poignant anxiety thus occasioned the unconscious Tempest will easily be conceived.

It is the middle of the afternoon, when, with throbbing head and shaken nerves, she alights upon the platform of the familiar little station down in Cornwall. The day has developed into a wretched one; when it is not shrieking like a lost spirit, the wind is sobbing and sighing, and lashing the sea into a white fury of snarling, roaring breakers, that fling themselves high against the jagged cliffs of the coast, while occasionally fine sheets of rain sweep along before the wailing gusts. Just here, in this wild marine country, the earth seems one tumultuous mass of seething water, pierced and lashed by the howling winds.

For the first time in her life, the place of her nativity appears unlovely to Tempest; there seems to be a dire menace—a wail of woe—in the lamentation with which Nature is filling the earth, and the foaming billows and the wail of the harbor-bar of a sudden bring back that day when, penned in their midst, she waited for their deadly embrace, from which only Dempsey's strong arm and still stronger courage had saved her.

She turns with a shudder to Philip, who assists her into the Montclair carriage, which he had telegraphed to have sent for them.

In a moment more Tempest sees that they are making for the castle, instead of the Rock House.

"Your father was near our place when the accident happened, and they carried him in," Philip explains, letting his cruel eyes dwell lingeringly upon her pallid, small face.

The castle is closed, and wears an air of desolation. At the main entrance they are met by one of the three servants—old retainers of the Montclair family—who, through Summer and Winter, have charge of the place. Never before has the long old hall, with its cavernous fireplace, its coats of mail, its trophies of the hunt, worn such a chill and unprepossessing appearance, Tempest reflects, as she glances shrinkingly down its dusky length.

Philip hurries her into a small drawing-room, in which a fire has been built, and which has about it a more habitable air; yet even here that chill of silence and solitude lingers.

"What makes the place so quiet?" she inquires. "Where are all the men? Did not you say that Lord Hammond and his party were down here? Good God! he—he is not dead?" she bursts forth, in a sudden abandon of terror.

"Stuff!" says Philip, crossly. "Why are you always harping on death? I doubt there is much the matter with him. I told you it was probably a mere scratch. Wait here a moment. I will go see."

In a few moments he returns with the verdict. "There is nothing at all serious," he says, carelessly, "although his nerves are pretty well shaken up. He has just fallen asleep, and the doctor says he must not be disturbed for fear of bleeding."

Tempest shudders. "I left word for you to be sent for the moment he awakes," Philip continues; "and now let us have some dinner. Tantum has done the best for us she could, under the circumstances. By-the-way, Hammond and the rest of 'em left by this morning's train—Tantum has taken charge of your father."

The invention of the nap is due to Montclair's crafty desire that the only train that will leave the village before morning shall have gone, thereby making them prisoners down here for at least twelve hours longer before the truth shall have come out, and Tempest learns his perfidy.

Dinner for her is a farce; after it is over she wanders back into the drawing-room, standing waiting for Philip, who has gone to inquire if there is any prospect of Jack awakening (?). She fingers aimlessly some books tossed upon a table, and finally lifting one, glances absently through its pages. It is a work on the hunt, and other kindred and weighty matters, and suddenly upon the first leaf she sees, in the elegant characters which have grown to be familiar to her, scrawled the name of "Hugh Dempsey." With an exclamation she drops the volume as though it were some poisonous thing, and a frown comes between her brows. At that instant Philip appears. She turns to him eagerly, and for the first times notices the brazen, bravado air he wears.

"Has he awakened—may I go to him?" she inquires.

"Not to-night," he says, with a laugh that may be genuine or not; but quickly it dies along with his swaggering manner. "Look here, Tempest"—his voice vibrates with the first hint of emotion that has touched it during this remarkable expedition—"will you marry me?"

"Well, I declare!" exclaims Tempest, with heightened color and indignant eyes.

"The question is not so irrelevant as you may at first imagine," Montclair observes, with a return of his impertinent composure. "There is no use beating about the bush any longer. The long and short of it is, the story of the accident is a hoax—simply a fable to serve my purpose."

"My father is not down here—nothing has happened to him?" she inquires, in profound amazement.

"Nothing—nothing that I am aware of."

(To be continued.)

GERONIMO AND THE HOSTILE APACHES.

THE redoubtable Apache chief Geronimo, the Rob Roy of the Southwest, having been finally run to earth by Captain Lawton's command, directed by General Miles, and surrendered at Skeleton Cañon, near the Mexican border, was brought to San Antonio, Texas, in company with Chief Natchez and thirty-two braves and squaws, on the 10th instant. The credit of this important capture is divided between General Miles, who brought in the hostile warriors, and General Crook, who planned the campaign and directed its earlier stages.

The captives are held at the Government headquarters in San Antonio to await the decision of their fate. They are a hard-looking company, and have attracted crowds of curious visitors ever since their arrival. While refusing to talk of their exploits, they do not appear to be depressed. Geronimo and Natchez passed their first Sunday in captivity playing cards in their tent. Captain Lawton, of the Fourth Cavalry, and Surgeon Wood, of the Sixth Cavalry, left San Antonio, last week, for their posts at Albuquerque, having been formally relieved of their prisoners, and having made their report to the War Department. Geronimo was very sullen after hearing that Captain Lawton, in whom he had great faith, was going away. Natchez was also very much affected by the departure of Lawton. Geronimo says he would never have gone to war if he had not been forced to. He states that he was told by a courier before he left the reservation for the warpath that he and his people would be murdered. He saw no alternative but to fight.

Natchez says that he did not want to go on the warpath, and avoided it as long as he could; but after he got on the warpath he did not want to give up as long as there was a cartridge left. He says he has been well treated by Lawton and General Stanley, and hopes soon to meet his people in Florida.

Over 450 Chiricahua and Warm Spring Indians were transferred from the San Carlos Reservation, in Arizona, to Florida, last week. Although none of them have been on the warpath since Geronimo broke loose, they were understood to be furnishing his band with ammunition, and there was no telling what moment they might break out. More than half of these Indians are squaws and children.

Arizona ought to be pretty well cleared of hostile Indians by this time, though a small band, presumably escaped renegades from the surrendered Apaches, are reported to be still at large near the southern frontier. The terror of these Indian raids is strikingly presented to the imagination by the picture on page 92, where the unhappy settler is represented as returning from an expedition to find smoking ruins where his home stood, and a little shoe or bit of torn clothing on the ground as the only trace of his wife and little one.

A CALIFORNIA WHALING STATION.

MR. FRENZENY's picturesque page calls attention to an important but not generally known attraction of San Diego, Cal.—namely, its well-organized whale-fishery. This whale-fishery consists of an accumulation of old tents, shanties, and numerous caldrons for the reception of blubber, boats, harpoon-guns, lances, spades, and other appliances of the whaler completing the outfit; the whole in charge of as grizzly and courageous a band of whalers as can be found in any waters.

The method of whaling on the Pacific Coast is to establish a station at a convenient place and patrol the locality in boats, keeping a lookout for the whales from shore. When one is sighted all the available boats at hand start in chase, as on the Long Island shore, and the excitement commences. Sometimes the animals lead them a long chase off shore, even out of sight of land; and again they are taken well in on the beach. Several methods are employed in the capture, but generally the boat is rowed alongside, the animal harpooned, and then a bomb is put into it, as occasion offers. If it is killed before a rope is attached, the body is liable to sink. The catch of the season at San Diego amounts in round numbers to from fifteen to twenty whales, and one of the latest caught was a right whale, a *rara avis* in these parts, the bone and oil proving a rich harvest to the men.

One of the most common of the cetaceans along California shores is the gray whale, *Rhachianectes glaucus*. From December to May it is found in the lagoons of the coast of Lower California, where its young are produced. At the end of the season the families migrate northward, often swimming so well in shore that they are caught inside the kelp that often lines the beach. In mid-summer they reach far to the north, even entering the Arctic Ocean. Whale-fisheries are established all along the coast of Oregon and California, and many of these whales are taken in their migrations down the coast, and whales have been taken well up north with harpoons in them belonging to San Diego and Monterey whalers. Halfmoon Bay, Monterey Bay, Port Harford and Point Conception are all famous fisheries.

The sulphur bottom, or *Sibaldius sulfurens*, the largest of all, is caught occasionally along shore. The following are the measurements of one of these giants: Length, 95 feet; length of jawbone, 21 feet; length of longest baleen, 4 feet; girth, 39 feet; weight of baleen, 800 pounds; yield of oil, 110 barrels; weight of the whole animal (calculated), 147 tons.

At San Diego the whales are towed in at high tide, and when left on the beach the process of stripping is commenced, the fat or blubber that surrounds the animal being stripped off and tried out in great vats. This is great fun for the seagulls, who hover about the smoking caldrons in vast flocks, filling the air with their cries and the tireless flapping of their great white wings.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT SILVER CREEK, N. Y.

THE most disastrous railway accident of the year occurred on the New York, Chicago and St. Louis ("Nickel Plate") Railway, near Silver Creek, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week. An excursion train for Niagara Falls, under the management of John M. Glazier, left Erie, Pa., at about eight o'clock in the morning. There were four hundred people aboard, most of them workmen of Erie. At various points along the road the party was joined by small knots of passengers. At Silver Creek, a station just east of Dunkirk, the engineer received orders to run ahead regardless of local freight No. 6, which the order stated would side-track for him below the station. He accordingly pulled up his train of eleven cars, loaded to their full capacity, and had proceeded as far as the sharp curve half a mile below the station, when he saw smoke floating over the hilltop around which the curve went. The locomotive sounded warning whistles, but it was too late. The local freight, running forty miles an hour to make the Silver Creek side track, collided with the passenger. As the engines came into collision the shock lifted the baggage-car of the excursion train from its trucks and drove it backward into the smoker, filled with passengers. Starting in at the forward end of the car, it literally mowed down the seats and crushed their occupants into unrecognizable masses upon the floor. Of thirty-five occupants of the car, but two escaped with slight injuries. Nineteen were killed, and several

others fatally injured. It is feared that the death-list will exceed a score.

The scene of the accident was in a deep cut, just where the curve commences. The engineers and firemen of each engine saw that a crash was sure, and so jumped to the ground and saved themselves. The locomotives struck nose to nose, pilot against pilot, with a shock which was terrific, and the fronts of the two engines merged into one mass of broken steel. The flues of one boiler were run into the flues of the other. The dome and smokestack of the freight engine went by the board, but the trucks did not leave the track. The tender of the freight engine was curiously wrecked, the tank leaving the trucks and turning bottom upward on the track alongside. The baggage-car of the excursion train was shoved back through the smoker, its roof overriding the smoker's roof, the sides and floors being smashed into kindling wood, and the trucks of the tender and two following cars being thrown together so close that they stood on the track with wheels touching.

The smoker was crowded full of men, and when the train stood still it was literally a shapeless mass of timber, broken seats, upturned floor, and human beings caught and crushed in the most pitiable and awful manner imaginable. The shock was little felt by the passengers in the rear coaches, who soon swarmed around the wreck. The trainmen were dazed, and for a time did nothing but stand by and declaim as to how it happened. Mr. Henry Shaefer, trainmaster of the Nickel Plate at Conneaut, O., was the first cool-headed organizer of the clearing away. Hundreds of people from Silver Creek came out to the cut with axes and other tools, and not until they began to chop away the crushed sides of the smoking-car was the full extent of the disaster known. Many of the occupants of the car were pinioned; some were thrown into the embrace of men whose limbs or heads were crushed beyond recognition, and the groans of the dying were mingled with frantic screams for speedy release.

The shock aroused the passengers in the rear cars, and the sound of escaping steam started the neighborhood. In ten minutes 500 men besides the excursionists were on the ground. The Lake Shore and Nickel Plate Railroads, upon receipt of news of the accident, sent special trains from Buffalo and Erie filled with physicians and medical appliances.

As soon as the sufferers were cared for, the crews of the trains were looked for. William Harris, engineer of the freight train, showed his written order giving him the right of the road to Silver Creek, thus clearing him from blame. Brewer, the engineer of the excursion train, was looked for, but was missing. The people of Erie believe that it was his fault that caused the accident, and are hunting for him at the present writing. It is supposed that he received temporary shelter from the railroad people of Silver Creek, and is now in concealment.

THE RICHEST MAN IN AFRICA.

"THE wealthiest man in Central Africa," says the New York Sun, "is Tippu Tib. He lives not far from Nyangwe, the great trading-point of many black tribes on the Upper Congo. He is only forty-five years old, black as coal, and of negroid blood, which means that he comes of an admixture of the coast tribes of East Africa, and has also a very little Arab blood in his veins. He has been in Central Africa for twenty-five years, and is to-day the greatest slave and ivory trader in the world. He has outstripped all his competitors through sheer force of intellect and strength of character. As long ago as the time when Cameron introduced him to our notice, he visited Nyangwe and told the bullying Arab traders there that if they did not leave certain native allies of his alone, it would be the worse for them. They lost no time in pledging eternal peace with Tippu Tib and all his friends.

"Cameron says Tippu Tib was the greatest dandy he saw among the traders of Africa, and that, although of negroid blood, he was a thorough Arab in manners and ideas. All his white visitors speak of the elegance of his Arab attire and his courtly and affable bearing. Stanley says that at his first meeting with Tippu Tib he regarded him as the most remarkable man he had met among the Arabs, Wa Swahili and half-castes of Africa. Lieutenant van Gele, of the Congo State, who met Tippu Tib in January last, says he was surprised by the extent of his information on European topics. He was familiar with events occurring in Europe, and was particularly interested in the English, Germans and Belgians. 'The questions he asked me,' says Van Gele, 'showed that he is neither an ignorant man nor one of ordinary mind.' He said he intended some day to go to Europe, visit the King of the Belgians, and also spend some time in Constantinople.

"In Tippu Tib's home, south of Nyangwe, Cameron says that large gangs of slaves walking about in chains met his eye at every turn. They were leading easy lives, were well fed, and he saw no acts of cruelty there. All had been victims, however, of the crying wrongs that are still decimating the simple savages of Africa. They had been surprised in their peaceful homes by the sudden onslaught of Tippu Tib's ruthless soldier slaves, who had burned their huts, killed their friends and dragged them off into captivity. Tippu Tib is the most noted representative of those men who are to-day inflicting more suffering upon their fellow-creatures than any other human beings—the professional slave-traders of Africa. Few of Tippu Tib's slaves ever reach the Indian Ocean. They are sold among the numerous tribes on the way to the sea. Long caravans, however, richly laden with his ivory, are often dispatched to the coast.

"It was Tippu Tib who helped Stanley start down the Congo from Nyangwe, the point where both Livingstone and Cameron were defeated in their efforts to follow the river further. For some weeks Stanley's little party was augmented by over two hundred of Tippu Tib's men. Twenty very dark beauties from the great trader's harem accompanied him on this first trip down the Congo, where he is now in absolute control of the river and adjoining territories for about three hundred and fifty miles below Nyangwe. It was his slave-pen, near Stanley Falls, in which two thousand five hundred wretched captives were found two years ago when the agents of the International Association reached that point.

"For many miles below these falls Stanley was chased by large fleets of canoes, and his party suffered severely from the lances and arrows of the most ferocious savages whom he met on the Congo. These natives are among the most peaceable on the Congo now, and one good reason is that they have no weapons to fight with. They have all been disarmed by Tippu Tib for a distance of about eighty miles along the river for daring to attack some of his men. Dr. Lenz, the explorer,

wrote from Stanley Falls in March last that between the falls and the Aruwimi River the natives were incapable of making any resistance. 'One can rarely find among them,' he writes, 'a lance or any other weapon except small knives.' Dr. Lenz adds that 'the influence of the opulent Tippu Tib is far greater all through this region than that of the free Congo State.'

"Tippu Tib has thus far maintained very amicable relations with the whites. He has invited missionaries to settle near him, and has promised them protection."

EARTHQUAKES IN GREECE.

GREECE has again been visited by an earthquake, the area of which was phenomenally wide. The disturbance appears to have been most disastrous in the Morea. At least six towns were entirely destroyed and a score of others partially destroyed. The village of Pyrgo and the town of Philatra, both situated on the western coast of the Morea, were the chief sufferers, and these furnish it is believed, all that have perished. In Pyrgo not a house is left standing, while Philatra is almost swept from the face of the globe, swallowed up in the convulsions of the earth. The shocks were experienced throughout the whole of Greece in a greater or less degree. In the town of Zante every house was damaged, and the inhabitants fled in terror to the open country. On the islands it is estimated that 600 persons were killed and 1,000 seriously injured. The undulations were curiously regular. Several towns in Italy were also visited by the earthquake. In many instances the houses swayed violently to and fro, and considerable damage was done to property. The people were terribly frightened and deserted their houses, fleeing to the open fields and to the churches.

A MUSICIAN'S EXPERIENCES.

AN interesting interview with Henry Russell, the well-known composer and singer, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, is described by a correspondent of the London World: "Over a cup of coffee and a cigar, Henry Russell allowed himself to give some interesting particulars of a long life. He is seventy-three years of age, and was born at Sheerness. 'Yes, I started at Rochester, in New York State, as an organist. The pay was a pittance. I determined to try New York. I made my debut there at the old Music Hall; it was in that hall that all the best concerts were given. I may say now, and say it without brag, or what would be called in America 'blow,' that the effect of my descriptive songs was great from their very novelty, and certainly they did make an extraordinary impression—in fact, a *furor*. I made my pile quickly and easily, and I soon invested \$30,000 in the United States Bank. The bank collapsed almost immediately, and my competence disappeared at one blow. I was again plunged into comparative poverty. One day I was walking along the New York Broadway; I was nearly penniless and much depressed. I heard a man grinding one of my tunes on a barrel-organ. The organ-grinder was an Italian. I was pleased, naturally, and my pulse quickened. Had his organ been made in the States? I addressed the man, 'Di che parte venite tu?' 'De Parma, signor.' 'Et qui a fatto quel organo?' 'A Birmingham, signor.' Two of the airs the man was playing were 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' and 'The Ivy Green'—two of my airs. I grasped the situation. My songs had evidently become popular in England. I started for the old country at once. In three or four weeks I was offered a good engagement by Beale, the *impresario*. It was for a tour of six months. Piatti, Dohler, Labache, and his wife, were members of the company. The terms were munificent; I need not say I closed with the offer at once. That tour was an enormous success. At its termination I was offered an engagement on still better terms. But I had determined to give an entertainment and to be my own master. My only predecessors in this line had been Foote, Dibdin, the elder Mathews, and Yates. I opened at the Hanover Square Rooms: crowded houses followed. 'The Gambler,' 'The Ship on Fire,' 'The Maniac' were the talk of the town; in fact, I was a great draw. My previous experience as an organist was of much service to me. I am of opinion that, the time being altered, any well-known sacred song is certain of popularity. Possibly the old tunes come back to us. I can give you several instances of this. The Hundredth Psalm when played quickly produces 'Old Dan Tucker.' Several of my best known airs arose from this discovery. I remember that I first arrived at this conclusion when idly running my fingers over my organ-keys at Rochester, N. Y. I suppose I stirred the audiences considerably. On one occasion I was invited to Hanley to give a benefit entertainment for the Staffordshire potters, who were in much distress. After I had sung my song, 'There's a Good Time Coming, Boys; Wait a Little Longer,' a man in the crowd rose excitedly, and shouted, 'Mussel Russell, can ye fix the toime?' another artisan in the reserved seats stood up, and quietly said, 'Shut up, mon; Mussel Russell 'll write to ye.' At Newcastle-on-Tyne I gave the 'Gambler's Wife.' I may tell you that the wife is awaiting the gambler's return. The clock strikes one, the clock strikes two, and then the clock strikes three. As the clock strikes four, the young wife, clasping her child to her bosom, dies in hopeless despair. A woman stood up in my audience, and emphatically declared, in a shrill shriek, 'Oh, Mr. Russell, if it had been me, wouldn't I have fetched him home!' In earlier days, as Henry Russell was singing 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' an old gentleman cried, 'Mr. Russell, was the tree spared?' 'It was, sir.' 'Thank God for that!' he answered, with a sigh of relief. The realistic character of Mr. Russell's songs, and the impression of actuality which they gave to the minds of the people, is shown in another anecdote. On the 'Newfoundland Dog' being sung, a piece which described the dog saving a child's life, a north countryman exclaimed, 'Was the child saved, mon?' 'It was, sir.' With the anxious look of one asking a great favor, the man pleaded, 'Could ye get me a pup?'

FAMILY DIVISIONS IN POLITICS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Times, writing of the divisions of families in politics, says: "During the war there were several striking instances of family differences over the questions at issue. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, had two sons, one in the Confederate and the other in the Union Army. Right here in Pennsylvania we had a very notable case of the same sort. The two McAllister boys lived up in Juniata County. Tom McAllister was a member of our

Legislature at least one term, and then went South. Robert McAllister, his brother, drifted over into New Jersey and became a citizen of that State. When the war broke out Tom entered the Confederate Army and became a brigadier-general. Robert McAllister stood by the Union and commanded a brigade on our side of the fight. Frequently these two brothers struck each other hard blows in the fierce turmoil of war. Time after time they threw their brigades against each other with terrific force, each probably fighting the harder against the other for the pride in their cause, which the ties of blood not only did not diminish, but increased.

"But the most touching case comes to me from the South. In Bath County, Va., there lives a very prominent family by the name of Terrell. Before the war it cut considerable of a swath in the social and political life of that section. When the war broke out William H. Terrell, one of the sons, took to the Union side, and soon became a soldier of great promise. He was killed while leading a brigade at Perryville. His death was a sad one, for he was just reaching after the flower of great fame. General Terrell's brother went into the Confederate Army, and while leading his brigade at Cold Harbor was killed. The father brought home the remains of his two gallant sons and buried them on the farm where both had spent their childhood days and where they had grown to manhood, and there parted over a question of duty to State or nation. Both had laid down their lives for their sentiments. Between the simple graves of the two boys the father has erected a marble slab. A touching inscription is cut in the white stone. It chides neither. It expresses faith in the Creator, and leaves Him to judge of his two heroes' conduct. It is a simple line and reads:

"God only knows which one was right."

WOMEN IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

A BERLIN correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: "Women, it is well-known, are excluded from the colleges and universities of the German Empire. Both men and women look with derision and disdain upon the girl aspirant to academical honors. They do not consider women capable of advanced training, and are the bitterest opponents of co-education. Girls' schools are laughably elementary. History and languages, it is true, they have at their tongues' end; but that is all. The 'three R's' form the Rubicon of their progress. Young men are taught from the very cradle to say, 'Thank God that I was born a man.' Nursed with such ideas, growing up under such opinions, it will be easy to fancy the excitement caused among them by the appearance of a young English lady in the 'chemical' lecture of the celebrated Professor Hoffmann, a few days ago. The German students have a peculiar way of expressing interest, satisfaction, admiration or pleasure—a noisy stamping of the feet. But it is a reward coveted by the obsequious professor, and the only measure of his popularity. This peculiar applause greeted the feminine candidate as she took her seat—in elegant costume and hat, it is said—on the bench fronting the dozent. In the laboratory, where she has begun work, she is treated with great deference, escaping, too, the fines levied upon the inadvantages of her masculine mates. She has, of course, not matriculated, but received permission from 'His Magnificence,' the rector, to attend the course as 'hospes.' It was difficult to obtain even that privilege in conservative Berlin, but it was finally accomplished by dint of powerful letters from Cambridge, where the young lady is a tutor in Newnham College.

"A rather pathetic story is told of a woman in Leipzig, who tried to overcome the laws. She was a poor girl, and, disguised as a young man, entered the 'Varsity' with honors, and took her place in the laboratory as a student of chemistry. She applied herself assiduously during three years, and distinguished herself beyond her fellows. Her popularity was great, though she was innocently called the 'lady' because of her feminine appearance—the students little dreaming how near the truth they came. But her sex was discovered on the day of her final examination, and despite prayers and entreaties she was not allowed to graduate. Her expenditure of time and money went for nothing."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

MR. HALLIWELL PHILLIPS declares that Stratford-on-Avon is "under the control of a few individuals who are unfortunately imbued with the spirit of modernization." Great interest is excited by the alleged mischief doing at Stratford-on-Avon to Shakespeare's monument by the inconsiderate conduct of the local authorities. The subject is interesting to Americans, as American subscriptions have been extensively given to preserve those monuments.

ENGLAND, at no distant date, is to push her Indian railroad system far into Afghanistan. Candahar is the first objective, then Herat. In the race for Herat the Russians have a decided advantage. The terminus of the Quetta line is yet a long distance from Candahar, and Candahar is 369 miles from Herat. The Russian Transcaspian Railroad, according to dispatches, has reached Merv, which is not far from 250 miles from Herat. A spur from the main line at Sarakhs, however, would be the most direct connection with Herat, and would be but little over two hundred miles long. If the Russians get to Herat first they stand at their choice for their advance. On the other hand, if the two railroad systems unite in peace it will be possible for the traveler to go through from London to India in nine days.

THERE are about three hundred thousand miles of railroad in the world, of which fully one-half are in America. Australia is now building at the greatest rate per cent. of any of the grand divisions of the world, partly because the mileage of that country is very small in proportion to its extent. Sixty per cent. of the railroads of the world are in the English-speaking countries. Australia has only 364 persons per mile of railroad, the United States about 500, and Canada the same. In Great Britain and Ireland there are 1,870 people per mile of road, and in Germany, France and Belgium still more. Austria heads the list with 2,786 per mile. The British railroads are very costly, the average exceeding \$200,000 per mile. The average in the United States is less than one-third as much, the difference being due not altogether to cheaper construction, but largely to the great cost of way in the more thickly populated country—about \$133 per head. Russia has spent only \$14 per head, and most of the European nations less than \$50.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

FRANKFORT, Ky., celebrates her centennial on October 6th.

CHARLESTON has had several more light shocks of earthquake. Rebuilding goes on bravely, though somewhat retarded by labor troubles. The relief fund has reached \$310,000.

A SERIES of most striking views of the wrecked trains at Silver Creek, immediately after the disaster occurred, were obtained by Mr. B. R. Gifford, the Dunkirk photographer.

THE trial of the David J. Adams seizure case has been fixed to open in the Vice-admiralty Court at Halifax on September 28th. Evidence is now being taken before a commissioner.

M. DE MUNCASTY's celebrated painting, "Christ before Pilate," which brought the master world-wide renown, and which has been visited by over 1,500,000 admirers in Europe, is to be exhibited in the United States this fall.

THE Texas Prohibitionists have put a full State ticket in the field. Their platform charges that the Republican and Democratic parties are in league with the liquor traffic in their national and State organizations and administrations.

FROM the last statement issued by the Mint Bureau it appears that the silver dollars coined under the Bland Act have reached a total of \$239,000,000, which is about equal in amount to the gold coin and bullion held by the Treasury.

THE Provincial Synod of the Church of England in Canada has decided that members of the Synod should do everything in their power to influence the Legislatures of the various Provinces to authorize the reading of the Scriptures in the public schools.

A GREAT fall of coal occurred, on the morning of the 13th inst., in the Marvne shaft of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's mine near Scranton, Pa. One man was killed, and six who were buried in the shaft will probably never be taken out alive.

It is quite likely that the property of the Chicago University, whose trustees have given up the institution, unable to clear off a debt of \$300,000 hanging over it, will pass into the hands of Archbishop Feehan, who will convert the place into a Catholic theological seminary.

FROM his cell in Sing Sing Ferdinand Ward has written a letter to the President, requesting a hearing in case the Executive is disposed to extend clemency to James D. Fish, ex-President of the defunct Marine Bank, in whose behalf petitions have recently been circulated.

THE yacht Volta, propelled by electricity, started across the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, on a trial trip, on Monday of last week. She reached Calais in 3:51. The Volta made the return trip from Calais to Dover in 4:15. This is probably the first practical application of electricity to navigation.

GEORGE W. ALTER, who was the confidential clerk of Alderman Henry W. Jaehne, now in Sing Sing, and who nominally purchased the latter's jewelry store in Broome Street, has made a confession, in which he admits that Jaehne was a receiver of stolen goods, and that money used to bribe the Aldermen was deposited in Jaehne's safe. It is believed that he will prove an important witness against the "boodle" Aldermen.

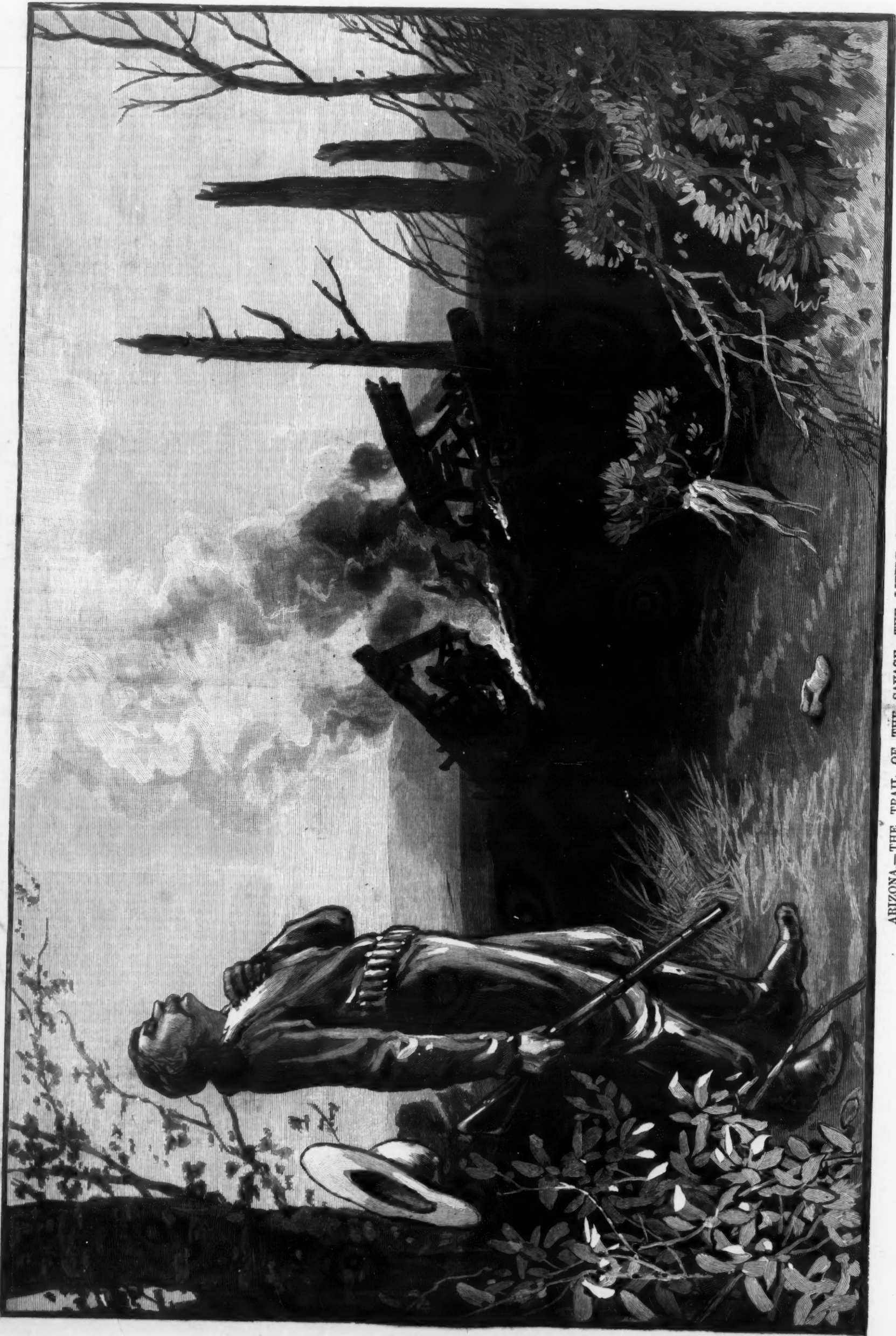
THE sad story of famine among the Labrador fishermen, which was at first contradicted, is now confirmed by the Hon. Alfred B. Morrine, member of the Newfoundland Legislature for Bonaville, and well-known as a journalist, who lately arrived at Halifax, from St. John. According to his representation, not less than 65,000 people are now destitute, or on the verge of destitution, "and during the Fall and Winter will be entirely dependent upon the Government for subsistence."

RECENT statistics of the iron trade indicate the tendency of the times towards the concentration of capital. The production of pig-iron in this country has increased somewhat since 1880, but the number of blast-furnaces has largely declined. On January 1st, 1880, there were 571 blast-furnaces in the United States; January 1st, 1886, this number had been reduced to 591. The number of furnaces in operation was reduced from 388 on January 1st, 1880, to 276 on January 1st, 1886, a decline of 112.

COLONEL GILDER and his companion, Griffith, left Winnipeg on their Arctic trip on the 9th inst. They took the steamer Princess at Selkirk for Norway House. From that point they will take the Nelson River to York Factory. The outfit which the Colonel takes with him weighs a ton and a half, and consists of hard-lack, pemmican, and other food, guns, rifles, revolvers and ammunition, scientific instruments, a hand-organ, baubles for the natives, etc. He also takes two sledges. After leaving York Factory, Colonel Gilder will take as little as possible with him, relying for sustenance mainly upon the game to be secured along his route.

AT the First National Convention of the Anti-saloon Republicans, at Chicago, on the 16th inst., over 300 delegates were present. Ex-Senator William Windom, of Minnesota, was unanimously elected permanent chairman. The report of the Committee on Resolutions was adopted, and the following National Committee was appointed, some existing vacancies to be filled hereafter: Maine, Senator William P. Frye; New Hampshire, Senator Henry W. Blair; Vermont, George A. Brown; Massachusetts, Colonel E. H. Haskell; Rhode Island, Henry B. Metcalf; New York, General Thomas W. Conway; New Jersey, Rev. H. K. Carroll; Pennsylvania, Hon. W. W. Braun; Iowa, Hiram Price; Minnesota, General A. B. Nettleton; Indiana, ex-Governor Will Cumback; Wisconsin, E. P. Wheeler; Kansas, Albert Griffin; Illinois, Colonel W. A. James; Georgia, Hon. Alfred E. Buck.

OFFICIAL returns from 472 towns give the following results of the Maine elections: Bodwell (Republican), for Governor, 68,115; Edwards (Democrat), 54,764; Clark (Prohibition), 3,889; scattering, 192. Bodwell's plurality, 13,351; majority, 9,493. Returns from over three-fourths of the Second Congressional District give Dingley (Republican), 14,421 votes; Garcelon (Democrat), 8,661; Eustis (Labor and Prohibition), 3,328. A large number of Democrats voted for Eustis. Dingley runs ahead of his ticket. His plurality is about 6,500, and his majority about 3,000. Reed (Republican), has a plurality of 1,350 over Clifford, Democrat, in the First Congressional District. The returns at the present writing indicate that the Senate will contain twenty-six Republicans and five Democrats. In the House the Republicans have gained twelve seats and lost four, while four are in doubt.



ARIZONA.—THE TRAIL OF THE SAVAGE.—THE LITTLE ONE'S SLIPPER.
SEE PAGE 90.

THE CREEDMOOR RIFLE MATCHES.

THE Fourteenth Annual Contest of the National Rifle Association opened at Creedmoor, L. I., on Monday of last week. The programme was much the same as that of former years, and military shooting occupied an important place. The beautiful range looked exceedingly pretty, the soldiers' white tents, which skirted the sides of the ground, presenting a picturesque appearance. There were seventeen matches on the programme, the most of which were continuous, lasting the week. The match finished on the first day was that for the Wimbledon Cup, presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the National Rifle Association of America. The cup was carried off by J. W. Todd, who made 115 points out of a possible 150 at a distance of 1,000 yards. This makes three consecutive years that Todd has won the cup, and it now becomes his property. On Tuesday the great event was the Shorkley Match, open to all comers, any position allowed, shot over ranges of 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, with any military rifle. F. J. Rabbeth, of Massachusetts, won the match, with a score of 129 out of a possible 150.

The most important match of the week was shot on Wednesday—that for the military championship of the United States. There were fifty-nine entries in this match, which was divided into two stages. There were twenty-three winners in the

first stage, and some remarkably good shooting was done. Out of a possible score of 70, C. W. Hinman took first prize, with a score of 66 points, and W. W. Ball was second, with a score of 64. The lowest score among the prize-winners was 58. The winners in the first stage then competed for the championship, and represented regiments in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, and the Regular Army. The championship fell to Boston, W. W. Ball, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, winning the much-coveted prize, with a score of 44 points out of a possible 50. In the Judd Match—offered annually under resolution of Board of Directors, National Rifle Association, to commemorate the services rendered by David W. Judd in securing the passage of a law by which the Association was enabled to obtain its range—the first prize was carried off, on Thursday, by W. M. Farrow, of the Newport Artillery, with a score of 66 points, that being the aggregate of two scores; Captain E. De Forest, of the Twenty-third Regiment, being second, with a score of 66 points. The feature of Thursday's shooting was the Short Range Inter-State Team Match, open to teams of four from any regularly organized rifle club or association or military organization. The distance was 200 yards. Zettler Team No. 1, of New York, won, by a score of 305. These were the individual scores: W. M. Tarrall, 77; George Joiner, 77; M. Dorler, 78; D. Miller, 73.



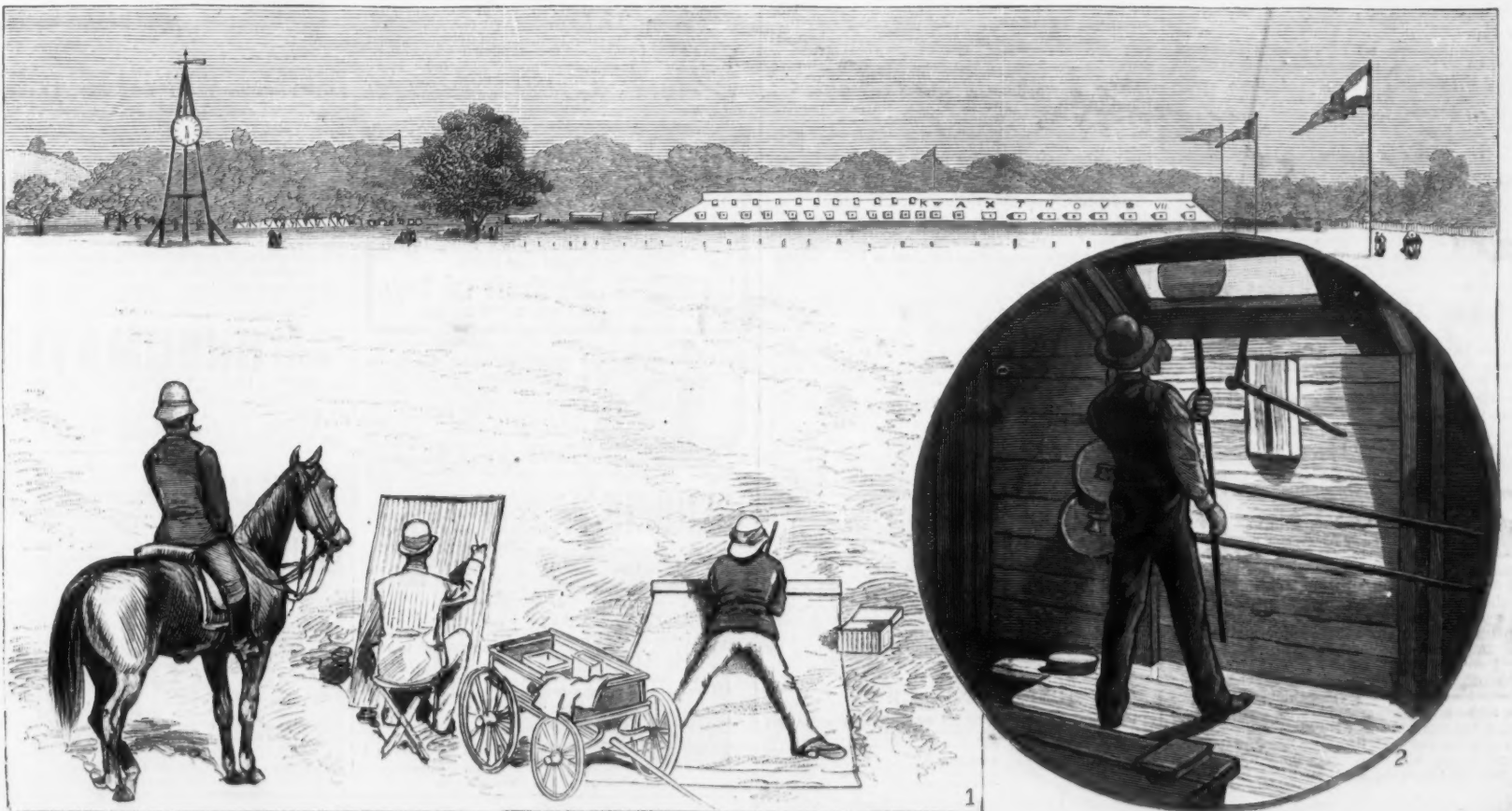
PETER H. SHORT, RECIPIENT OF THE BENNETT MEDAL.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH SHAW, RECIPIENT OF THE STEPHENSON MEDAL.



NEW YORK.—FIREMEN'S REWARDS OF BRAVERY AND MERIT—TRUCK NO. 13, WINNER OF THE STEPHENSON MEDAL FOR BEST DISCIPLINE AND EQUIPMENT. SEE PAGE 94.



1. View of the Range. 2. Inside the Butts.

LONG ISLAND.—THE ANNUAL FALL PRIZE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT CREEDMOOR.

FIREMEN'S REWARDS OF MERIT.

At the forthcoming Annual Review and Exhibition of the New York Fire Department, which will take place at Washington Square, in this city, in the presence of Governor Hill, Captain Joseph Shaw, of Truck No. 13, will receive the Stephenson Bronze Medal awarded to him by



STEPHENSON MEDAL.

the Board of Fire Commissioners for having the best-equipped and best-disciplined company in the Fire Department during the year 1885. On the same occasion the Commissioners will honor with



BENNETT MEDAL.

the Bennett Medal the Chief of the Eleventh Battalion, Peter H. Short, who saved the Jaede family from being burnt to death last year.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

Wood, the professional bicyclist, wheeled a mile at Springfield, Mass., last Wednesday, in 2m. 32 3-5s., the fastest time on record.

The Washington Evening Star prints a statement to the effect that Secretary Manning will go to Austria as United States Minister, instead of returning to the Treasury Department.

At Creedmoor, last Friday, the Twelfth Regiment team, National Guard of New York, won the First Brigade match. The Second Brigade match was won by the Twenty-third Regiment team, and the third by that of the Seventh Regiment. The Sheridan Skirmishers' match was won by a team from the Battalion of Engineers from Willett's Point.

The final result of the Maine election, as furnished by Chairman Manley of the Republican State Committee, is as follows: "Official returns from every city, town and plantation in the State gives Bodwell (Republican) for Governor 14,000 majority over Edwards (Democrat). Our plurality on Congressmen is 17,000. The Republicans elect 148 members of the Legislature, and the Democrats 35."

FOREIGN.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has had a severe chill, and is in a very feeble condition. He was unable to go to Metz.

A SENSATIONAL dispatch from Paris reports that Turkey demands the evacuation of Egypt by the English.

M. BRATIANO, Roumanian Prime Minister, was shot at last Friday evening by a political assassin, but the bullet struck and wounded a Deputy.

THE Bulgarian Sobranje has voted a grant of \$500,000 to purchase all of Prince Alexander's property in Bulgaria, retaining from the whole sum \$185,000 with which to liquidate the Prince's indebtedness to the National Bank.

SCENES IN AN INDIAN CHAPEL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Independent gives this picture of service in an Indian chapel on the Pine Ridge Reservation: "The bishop was expected. Women, walking with ungraceful rapidity, as only Indian women can walk, head and shoulders draped in the inevitable scarlet shawl, the elder ungainly enough in their short petticoats, the younger with a touch of coquetry and beauty about them; children running, their musical screams resounding upon the marvelously clear air; men and boys galloping and curvetting upon their parti-colored ponies; the entire settlement was in motion, and everything converging towards the little unpainted chapel, surrounded with carpenter's rubbish, and piles of lumber, pointing its unfinished spire silently heavenward.

"We were hungry, and the bishop was weary; but we did not know that; and he almost forgot that he too was mortal as we glanced at the clear, colorless face, with a look of exalted happiness on its grand features. We alighted in the midst of the crowd and shook hands as if in a dream; and in a few minutes—for the room was already full—we were seated, superfluous, at service. It was a striking little interior; the walls bare pine—a Gothic arch above the windows, and a simple raised dais and altar, draped with scarlet. A device nailed to the wall held rows of flaming candles. There were no benches, but boards and sawhorses, at a painful height from the floor, supplied their places. A beautiful woman, a half-breed, sat just where I could look my fill at her pure Greek profile, smooth black hair, arranged in the classic knot, colorless olive complexion, thick-fringed eyelashes, and a string of jet beads with a silver cross finishing the finely formed throat. A dark, plain cotton gown set off to advantage her supple, symmetrical figure, which never wilted or drooped after two hours upon that uncomfortable eminence.

"It was a long service—confirmation and communion, with a short recess between. The bishop's address was beautifully interpreted by a young Indian deacon of most attractive personality, college-taught, and just graduated from a theological seminary. He played the organ, and

his rich tenor led in the singing. The Rev. Amos Ross, another Indian deacon, who had been longer in the service, and who was about to begin his work here under such hopeful auspices, was commended to the love and support of his new people. Lastly, there was a meeting of men, and the women adjourned to the future living-room of Mr. and Mrs. Ross, unfurnished save by a cooking-stove and a wooden chair or two, and seated themselves in ranks on the bare floor to listen with touching belief and respect to a few words of sympathy and advice from a sister woman. Some questions were asked and answered, as well as I knew how; then there was a movement in the outer room; and the women rose and all crowded around me to shake hands as they departed. It was beautiful to see their willingness to learn and to do, with the little which they had of help or knowledge."

GLADSTONE AND HIS ADMIRERS.

A LONDON letter to the Boston Post mentions this incident: "Hundreds of people gathered before the Premier's window (at the last meeting of Gladstone's Cabinet), cheering each member of the Government as he arrived. The consultation lasted all afternoon, but the unwearied crowds waited, gazing up at the windows of the apartment which was supposed to contain the destinies of the empire, till one by one the Ministers reappeared and departed, cheered by the crowd as before, but more sadly as the conviction grew strong that this was the end—when suddenly a tall, dark man, attired in clerical costume, and thought to be a missionary, stretched forth his arms solemnly towards Mr. Gladstone's window, and broke forth in a deep-toned voice with two verses from the Psalms: 'He that hewed timber out of the thick trees was known to bring it to an excellent work. But now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers.' It is impossible to describe the effect produced by this singular method of proving the speaker's devotion to Gladstone."

A PROSPEROUS INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION, of this city, received over five millions of dollars of new business during the month just closed, and has paid to beneficiaries of deceased members during the current year over \$600,000. The Association's business thus far in 1886 surpasses that of the corresponding period for last year by two millions of dollars, and the allotment of eighty millions for the entire year will doubtless be considerably exceeded. The Association has opened an English department, with head offices in North John Street, Liverpool, and has deposited \$100,000 cash guarantee fund with the English Government, making a total of \$350,000 now held in trust by the Insurance Departments of New York, Canada and Great Britain, for the security of its patrons.

FUN.

TO THE CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON: I know how it is myself.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what "applied agriculture" is. Ask the politicians who are applying for the Granger vote.

THE man who would rather be right than President is dead. He was lonesome long before he died.—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.

IF Cutting thinks he is in danger of being forgotten by the American people, the Whirlpool Rapids are still left. And they fairly wain for him.—Albany Argus.

"PAPA," said a little five-year-old, pointing to a turkey gobble, strutting around in a neighbor's yard, "ain't that red-nosed chicken got an awful big bustle?"—Chicago Rambler.

NONE of the great magazines which have been deluging the land with war histories, and reminiscences of generals, colonels, corporals and privates, have yet brought out the man who could give the most entertaining story of them all. Let us hear from the army sutler!—Elmira Advertiser.

FOUR HAPPY SOUTH BOSTON MEN.

OUR daily papers of late have been so full of failures, defalcations, suicides and other unfortunate transactions, it is pleasing to note an occasional fortunate occurrence. We were informed a few days ago that a gentleman named B. Frank Burpee had drawn a snug little prize in the Louisiana State Lottery, and upon inquiry have ascertained the following facts: Mr. B. Frank Burpee, saloon-keeper, at No. 8 Granite Street, South Boston, John Dugan, clerk for the Boston and Albany Railroad, and two brothers, Charles and Henry Philbrick, teamsters, formed a pool previous to the August drawing of the Louisiana Lottery Company, to which they subscribed a dollar each. They purchased four one-fifth tickets for the August 10th drawing, one of which, No. 35,631, drew one-fifth of the second capital prize, \$25,000, so that each will have nearly \$1,250 for his share, counting out expenses for collecting by the Adams Express Company. Mr. B. Frank Burpee is a married man, having a wife and one child. The other three are single men; they are all young men between 22 and 30 years of age, sober, steady and industrious, and will make good use of the money. To say that they are happy is drawing it mild. They are jubilant, and look upon this stroke of good luck as the great turning point in their lives.—Boston (Mass.) Commercial and Shipping List, August 27th.

HOW OFTEN is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION," which, as a tonic and nerve for debilitated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is, beyond all compare, the great healer of women.

IF you make it a rule to flavor all your cold drinks with ten or fifteen drops of A SAVORY BITTERS, you will keep free from Summer Diseases and have your digestive organs in good order. But be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

RUPTURE, BREACH, OR HERNIA.

PERMANENTLY cured, or no pay. The worst cases guaranteed. Pamphlet and references, 10 cents in stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINKLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"CONSUMPTION CURE"

WOULD be a truthful name to give to DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood, the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

BIRD MANNA restores the song of cage birds and keeps them in perfect health. Sent for 15c. in stamps. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila.

Cholera
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Quick,
PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN KILLER
is
Quicker.
46 Years
experience PROVES
that
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
is the cure for
Cholera.

Oughtn't you to get
a bottle quickly so
if you need it quickly
no time will be lost?

For Cholera Morbus,
Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint,
Dysentery there is no remedy
equal to P. D. P. K.

Your druggist sells it,

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Prop's
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CRITTENTON on each packet). Of druggists, 25c; 3 cakes, 60c., mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

BOKER'S BITTERS
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters.
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.



C. WEISS Mfr of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 60 Walker St., Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver m'd pipes, new designs.

GENUINE YANKEE SOAP

After half a century is still without an equal, AS A SHAVING SOAP. Its rich, mild and lasting lather leaves nothing to be desired. All Druggists keep it. Avoid Imitations. Trial Samples by Mail, for 12 cts. The J. B. Williams Co., Glenside, Pa., Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1840.

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

LEADING PHYSICIANS

Of all schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, the Most PALATABLE, the Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1. A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.



ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

DR. LEO SCHWARTZ & CO., 89 Broad St., New York.

IMPORTANT NEWS FOR LADIES!

NO MORE WRINKLES.
NO MORE SMALL-POX MARKS.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY
CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED BY USING

DR. LENGYEL'S PASTA POMPADOUR.

It is the only preparation in the world WARRANTED to cure and eradicate all eruptions of the skin, such as PIMPLES, SALT RHEUM, MOLES, FRECKLES, WARTS, and SUN BURNS, and gives the complexion a freshness and transparency which cannot be obtained even by the dangerous use of arsenic. It removes WRINKLES and prevents their reappearance after such removal, and faded Complexions speedily resume their pristine freshness under its wonderful restorative action. It is unequalled as a beautifier of the HANDS, refines the skin, and making it soft, clear and white. PASTA POMPADOUR is not a paint or powder, used to cover up and shield the impurities and defects of the skin, but a remedy that naturally leads and perfectly converts the same into visible beauty. Sent on receipt of Price, \$1.00 per box. Full directions accompany each box. DR. LEO SCHWARTZ & CO., 89 Broad St., New York. Not obtainable from the highest apothecary. Money refunded unconditionally if results not satisfactory.

Mention Illustrated Newspaper.

Batchelor's Celebrated Hair Dye.

ESTABLISHED 1831.

Best in the world. Hairs restored! Instantaneous! No dandruff, no itching, no redness, no tints, remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; leaves the hair soft and beautiful Black or Brown. Explanatory circulars sent postpaid in sealed envelopes on application, mentioning this paper. Sold by all druggists. Applied by experts at Batchelor's Wig Factory, 23 East 10th St., N.Y. City.

FINE FRENCH CHINA AND BEST PORCELAIN

AT LOW PRICES.

Fine White Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, \$19.00
Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 100 pcs. 22.00
Gold-band China Tea Sets, 44 pcs., \$8.50; white 7.50
Richly Decorated China Tea Sets, 44 pieces 12.00
Decorated Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, \$4; white 3.00
Decorated Dinner Sets, all colors & designs, 20 up
Decorated Parlor & Brass Hanging Lamps, etc., low prices. ALSO ALL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS. Catalogue and Price List mailed free on application.

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HAZIT. Sure cure in 10 to 30 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express. 15 years established. Book free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

DRUNKENNESS or the Liquor Habit

Positively Cured

In any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea, or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites

THE BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. Cures all Weaknesses and Nervous Derangements.

Used by all Physicians. DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL, \$1. 56 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH ST., NEW YORK.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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A PRIZE Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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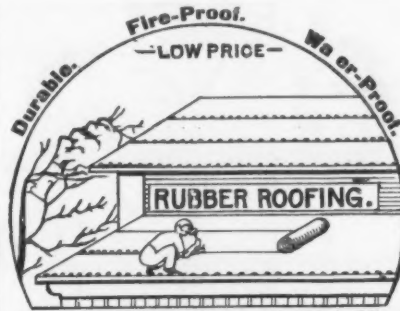
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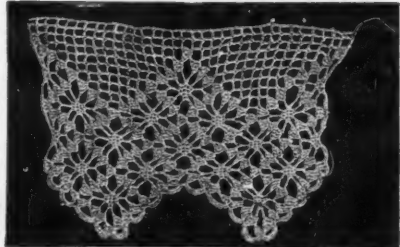
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